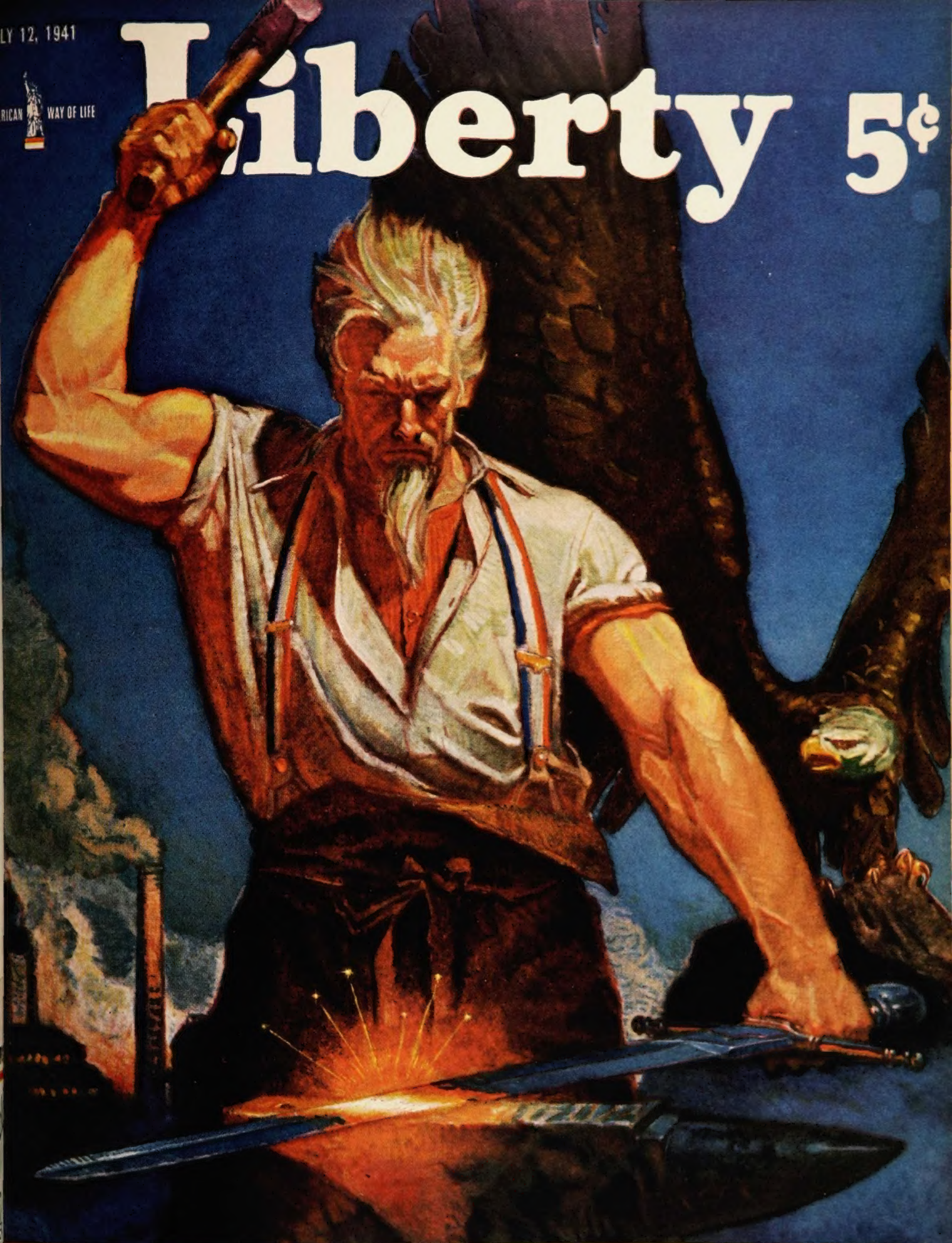
LY 12, 1941

RICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty 5¢



ESS' Plan to Divide The World With England — By Johannes Steel

Still is the Night
By Faith Baldwin

We hold these truths . . .

When a magazine which has grown great in the numbers of its readers attains a milestone in its course, it is proper that the direction in which it moves should be redefined. That the principles which guided it be reaffirmed in terms of the pattern of its times.

The American pattern is stitched in bold outline and raw colors. It was woven of many peoples. Great natural wealth gave play to human vice as well as virtue. The carpetbagger and the bootlegger are threaded into it along with Washington and Lincoln. Greed and graft are traced in its fabric beside the heroism of Nathan Hale and the nameless dead of Gettysburg and the Argonne.

But despite the lynchings and the land grabs, beyond the privateering and the patriotic shouting, there runs through all the pattern a recurring motif—a gleaming thread less visible in the historical tapestries of other lands. It begins with the first settlers; it was bright at Lexington and Valley Forge. It lighted the dark and bloody way of the pioneers. You can see it in the frontier forts and the boom towns, in the mining camps and on the unfenced range, in the factories and on the streets of the cities.

Call it "the rights of man." Call it "the spirit of '76." Call it "democracy." *Call it—liberty.* By whatever name, it is the principle which gives meaning to our way of life. The deep belief in the rights of the individual, in the essential decency and dignity of man.

Liberty, the magazine, is edited in the interest and image of the individual. It is published for *people* — not as bankers or grocers, housewives or railroad presidents, but as individuals and humans. As husbands and wives—not occupation groups; as youths and lovers, rather than income curves.

Liberty believes in "The American process"—the democracy of the marketplace in which a president smokes the same brand of cigarettes as his chauffeur; in which a wage-earner can own the very car he helps to build. A *working* democracy that is battering down barriers of class and mass, and is making Americans a more united people.

Liberty has earned its place in the American pattern because it thinks of its readers as *people,* because it aims its whole content at the whole people. Liberty, itself, is thus an example of the American process. Its readers are found in every walk of life, in naturally accurate cross-section of people as they are. But because Liberty reaches an executive or a housewife as a person, as an individual American, its readers have a common denominator of personal and public interest. Their common belief, their faith, make them important in the pattern of our times.

Liberty

SUN—Yes, badminton is a game for fun and health. But every minute you're outdoors, the blazing summer sun does more damage to your hair—leaves it dull, brittle—wild and unkempt as a rope-end.

WATER—A swim peps you up, but the refreshing soaking water washes away the last trace of the natural oils of your hair—wrecks its looks! Guard against the damaging effects of summer sun and water.

PROTECTION—Enjoy your summer sports—build up your reserve and energy for the winter ahead. But protect your hair with Vitalis. Help keep it healthy and handsome—a social and business asset.

Guard your Hair— Keep it Handsome despite Blazing Sun and Soaking Water

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1 30 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance.

2 10 Seconds to Comb and brush—Hair has a lustre—but none of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

RUB VITALIS onto your scalp vigorously. That stimulating "tingle" means circulation is quickening in your tight, baked scalp. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement the natural oils, helping your hair to a natural, healthy-looking lustre.

Loose dandruff is routed and the brisk massage helps prevent excessive falling hair. Your hair combs neatly into place—and stays that way with no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look. Get Vitalis from your druggist today.

USE THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" **VITALIS** HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

VOX POP

NO GERMAN HYPHEN

CANTON, OHIO—Let me tell you about my father—about his being still alive in America and about his having come to America from Germany when he was nine years old. He sits in his kitchen now and rocks back and forth, wearing his leather house slippers, and reads the papers.

He is almost sixty years old, and he works in a shop all week, day after day, and it is the same shop he has worked in off and on for more than thirty years. The kind of work he does is standing at a punch all day.

He has stood at the machine every day for so many years, punching holes in sheet iron, and using one foot to stand on and the other to manipulate the lever, that one of his legs is shorter than the other.

He told me one time, in his kitchen, that the only thing he remembers about Germany is skating in the winter on the canals. "The finest thing I remember about Germany," my father told me, "was coming on the boat to America." He told me he stood on the boat as it left the land and watched Europe getting smaller and smaller until, alas, it was so small it wasn't there. "America is so great and interesting and kind that Europe, where I lived, where I was born, and skated on the canals in winter, doesn't exist for me any more," he says.

There are other things about my father. He wears big police shoes that screech. He wears a yellow sapphire ring on Sundays. He wears white suspenders which he says he likes to snap against his chest. He lights a five-cent cigar Sunday morning and makes it last until the church bells ring Sunday evening at six. Then he throws the cigar away.

When I was a child, my father and I went to see all the parades. My father was always the first to take his hat off when the man carrying the flag went by. My father and I marched with the parade. My father and I kept time with the drums.

My father always told me the same thing every time we marched with the parade. What he always said was this: that you have to keep step with something in order to go forward and not backward, and that by marching with a band and seeing the flag wave in the breeze you automatically forget the distance you are walking. He said that too many people look only at the distance and say to themselves that it is too far to go; but that if they would find a flag and find a drum and march with these two toward their goal, they would be filled with the rhythm of America and get there in a hurry.

I remember wondering what my father meant. But since then, watching him live and work and sit on his front porch in the cool evenings after work, I know the thing he was trying to express. He meant that it is keeping step, the whole nation marching in unison, the whole nation counting one, two, three, one, two, three together and marching behind a flag in a breeze and hearing the drums—these are the steppingstones to progress and belief in an ideal.

I look upon my father as America. I see him in the lakes and rivers; I see him on the faces of little children, and hear his voice in the trumpets and his heartbeat in the drums of a parade.—*George H. Freitag.*

39 MAMAS

SMITH CENTER, KAN.—When I started on So Nice to Remember! by Kermit Shelby (May 31 Liberty), there were so many "mamas" that I expected somebody to hand me a pacifier before I finished.

The word "mama" was used at least 39 times.—*Harry Dean.*

HERE'S A HOME FOR A CHILD

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—There are so many homeless children in the world, but you have to have a fortune to be able to adopt one.

My husband and I both want a child in our home; we feel that it would be more complete. We could not give a child luxuries, but we could give it our love, a decent home, teach it to love and respect God and to be a good citizen.

Is there a child for me somewhere in these United States?—*Mrs. Alvin Koeller.*

OLD SARGE'S PHIZ

CHAMOIS, MO.—So some one thinks that Old Sarge looks like a Japanese spy? (April 26 Liberty.)

I resent that! If Old Sarge isn't a real old-time two-fisted Irishman whose language alone (the kind Liberty listens to but leaves unprinted) would bend a tenpenny nail into a double pretzel and whose heart weeps (perhaps secretly) at any true tale of woe, then I'm an A1 author whom Liberty begs to write stories for them!—*P. B. D.*

[Anyway, Old Sarge had a new picture made of himself to remove that "Yellow Peril" look, which burst upon a startled world in June 28 Liberty. How d'you like it?—VOX POP EDITOR.]

THE RIDDLE OF LINDBERGH

WILLERNIE, MINN.—Mr. Fulton Oursler in his The Riddle of Colonel Lindbergh and His Wife (May 31 Liberty) asks:

"But why does Lindbergh take his present position? . . . How came it to be that the idol of the country could alienate so much of the affection his country gave him?" And so on.

My solution to the "riddle" is that there's something in Lindbergh that's not in most of us. It's been in a few before and is in others today. It was in his father, in the elder La Follette, in Nebraska's Norris.

"I wore this in case I should bump into the boss here at the game!"

They were hissed, shouted down, spat upon, hanged in effigy, and smeared with yellow paint by the "always right" regular run of us. We couldn't understand them, either. But some of them lived to see the day when we ate our crow.

If the reader had known the elder Lindbergh as I knew him (I think I almost understood him), there would be no mystery about the behavior of his son. He's just a little ahead of the mass.—*O. M. Thomason.*

CRIMES FOR HIS NICKEL

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.—Liberty has gone paunchy and is headed for the scrap pile. Why not give us some good old unsolved crime mysteries? At least it would make good reading and give us something for our nickel.—*An Old-Timer.*

(*Continued on page 6*)

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Here's safety you can measure!

There's
19 FEET of
NON-SKID GRIP
in every foot of this tread!
BE PREPARED!
for higher temperatures and taxes with
"G-3" All-Weather
GREATER MILEAGE — from tougher, thick tread
GREATER NON-SKID SAFETY — from 19-to-1 All-Weather grip
GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION — from higher-tensile cord carcass
AT LESS COST PER MILE THAN EVER BEFORE

In times like these . . your best buy is this longest-wearing "G-3" ALL-WEATHER . . at today's low price

THE news is filled with reasons why today you should buy tires that will last you a long, long time.

And there are good substantial reasons why this big and better first-line Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather is the world's biggest value for your money.

It gives you greater non-skid safety. You can see it in those massed rows of sharp-edged diamonds pointing in all directions—to halt tire-slip from any angle.

Want to check that? Just mark off a foot of tread. Then measure every one of those keen-cut gripping edges it contains. You'll find they total 19 feet in length—*19 feet of road-holding grip in every single foot of tread.*

Plus a big mileage step-up

But that's not all. This new "G-3" All-Weather is armored with the toughest tread rubber, fortified against bruising with the sturdiest cord carcass ever built into this famed long-distance tire.

In brutal high-speed tests it averages THOUSANDS of miles longer tread wear than previous models. So big a mileage increase means many months' extra service to you.

You pay nothing extra for this plus mileage and safety—if you buy at present low prices. Today, first-line "G-3" All-Weather performance costs you less per mile than ever before.

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THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

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All-Weather—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Berger

Bud: C'mon, now! A big locomotive for the team!

Sis: Well! Well! I never knew cheerleaders did homework. But why don't you open up and *give?* That yelp would make any team run the wrong way!

Bud: Who asked *you* in here? Cheerleading has to be practiced, like anything else. You have to develop timing—and rhythm—and pep.

Sis: Pep, is it? Well, you don't get *that* in front of a mirror! You can't have it unless you *eat* right, and a few more *vitamins* might do wonders for your *oomph*, my lad. Scram down to the kitchen. Here's where we do a favor to dear old Alma Mater.

Sis: And right here is where we make a start toward getting more vitamins. You've got to have 'em all, and in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is an extra-good supply of two of the most important ones—vitamins B_1 and D.

Bud: Holy cats! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If getting the other vitamins can be this much fun, I'm going to be the most vitaminized cheerleader you ever saw.

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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FORMER OFFICER GOES BEGGING

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—In reference to Suggestion for Defense (May 17 Liberty), my own case is a perfect example of what you are trying to accomplish.

As a former officer in the Sanitary Corps of the United States Army during the last war and a public-health worker for many years, I have been trying to return to my former field of endeavor, but to no avail.

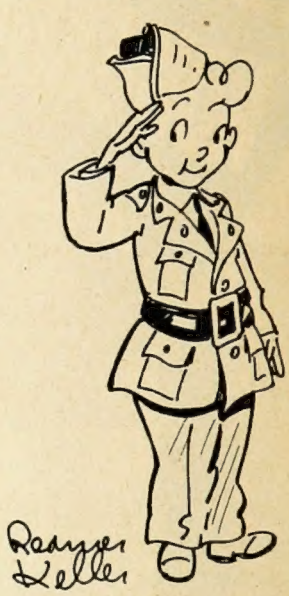
The government does not even know about me, yet I could do justice to certain lines of work where men with my training are urgently needed.

I hope something comes out of your efforts.—*Max J. Colton.*

HARDTACK IN THE ARMY

FORT BRAGG, N. C.—Perhaps you'd like to know that we've adopted your little boy Hardtack as our battery mascot.

Are legal adoption papers necessary?



If they are, one of the lawyers in the battery said he'd attend to the matter.—*Private Harold Gladstein, 67th Coast Artillery, A. A.*

[No legal papers are necessary, Mr. Gladstein, and we hope you'll like the kid in his new uniform. We think he looks very snappy. But keep an eye on him, brother!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

WHO'LL UMPIRE THIS?

BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.—Question No. 8 of May 17 Twenty Questions reads: "It's the last half of the ninth inning and the Giants are up. What is the maximum number of Giants who can get on base and still have the inning end with no score?"

You say five. I say six.

It is possible for a team to get six hits in one inning without scoring a run, and to get six hits you must get six men on base. Here is how it works.

The first two men up in the inning get doubles but are thrown out trying to stretch them into three-baggers. The next three men get singles, making the bases full when the sixth batter in the inning comes to bat. He hits a ground ball to the shortstop and the runner going from sec-

ond to third is hit by the batted ball. He is automatically out, but the batter that hit the ball is credited with a hit, and the official scorer will show him as being left on base.

Am I right or wrong? I think I'm right! —*Charles Shoffer.*

"PAY UP OR LOSE YOUR JOB"

OAKLAND, CALIF.—If Liberty wasn't a family magazine I'd be tempted to tell Mr. Matthew Woll exactly what I think of his denials that unions ever enter politics—that unions ever force people to join a labor organization and pay monetary tribute so they may earn a living (May 24 Liberty). I know better, because I'm one of those people whom Mr. Woll denies exist.

Thanks, Woll, but I've heard your story before—and it has always wound up with a warning to "either pay up or lose your job."

Your pious denials remind me of the colored gentleman's reply from the hen house: "Ain't nobody in here, boss—just us chickens."

Keep it up, Westbrook Pegler! The unions may get my financial support, but any moral support I can offer is with you all the way.—*Edward H. Buttler.*

ANYWAY, E PLURIBUS UNUM

ADRIAN, MICH.—My sympathy to the gentleman in Guatemala for the lack of a convenient term by which to refer to the citizens of the United States (May 17 Vox Pop).

And my congratulations to the person who coined the word "Unistans." In my opinion, the pronunciation of the word throws too much emphasis on the last syllable and not enough on the first.

Therefore I advocate the term "Unistatan" (ū'nī-stăt'ăn) in place of the word American when referring to the people of this country.

The word may seem clumsy at first, but you'll find that it soon becomes easy to say.—*Harold Luke.*

IS GEORGETTE LEBLANC ALIVE?

GREENSBORO, N. C.—Those articles on their marriage by Maurice Maeterlinck and his young wife were most interesting (May 10 and 17 Liberty).

Don't you think it would be just as interesting to your readers to have an article written by the great man's (if he is a great man) first wife?

Of course, the first Mme. Maeterlinck may have passed on, but I have never heard of her death.—*Mrs. F. T. Kotzback.*

Beverly Hills' Movie Guide
Will be found on Page 47

ATHLETE'S FOOT TERROR

—strikes, hot steaming feet!

When your feet perspire and steam in perspiration...that's the time to beware of Athlete's Foot! That excessive perspiration feeds the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot . . . makes them grow twice as fast! And it causes the skin to crack between your toes so the fungi can get in and spread. Then agonizing pain tells you you've got Athlete's Foot!

Raw Open Cracks FLASH DANGER

Athlete's Foot fungi feed on dead skin and stale perspiration. When the skin cracks open, they strike through those cracks and spread quickly. Toes redden and itch painfully. Patches of dead skin flake off. You know it's Athlete's Foot!

SOAK those Cracks TONIGHT!

Don't take chances! Look between your toes tonight. Soak even the tiniest cracks with Absorbine Jr., *full strength, night and morning!*

1. **Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact.***
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **Eases itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists. Get a bottle today!

ABSORBINE JR.
Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact!

Also QUICK RELIEF for:
Sore, aching muscles · Tired, burning feet · Sunburn · Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects.

Fungi growing fast
Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!

Fungi dead
Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact. No longer can they grow, causing pain and misery.

Sample Bottle FREE

W. F. YOUNG, INC.,
360M Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.
Send me a FREE sample bottle of Absorbine Jr.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

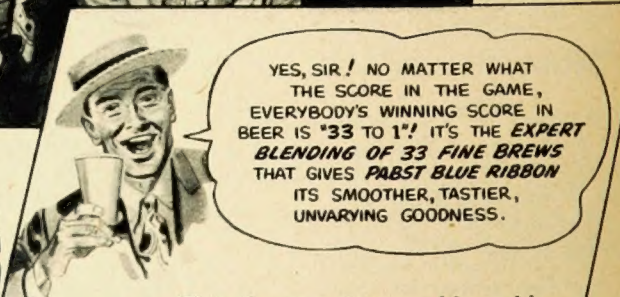
Tie Score
ON THE FIELD

...but "33 to 1" in the Stands...

ROBBER! HE'S SAFE--AND YOU KNOW IT!
HE'S OUT! EVEN A BLIND MAN CAN SEE THAT. ATTABOY, UMP! THE SCORE IS STILL TIED!
WHAT YOU FELLOWS NEED IS A LITTLE COOLING OFF. AND THE SCORE FOR THAT IS "33 TO 1"-COMING UP RIGHT NOW!

WHAT'S MORE, PABST BLENDS BEER LIKE THE FINEST COFFEE AND CHAMPAGNE --ITS DELICIOUS FLAVOR NEVER VARIES.
BOY, OH BOY! I'LL SAY IT'S A QUENCHER--THAT FLAVOR KNOCKS THIRST FOR A HOME RUN!
LOOK! FARWELL'S TRYING TO STEAL HOME-- SLIDE! SLIDE!

HURRAY! HE'S IN! FARWELL'S BROUGHT IN THE WINNING RUN! GUESS THAT MAKES YOU LOSER, JOE!
LOSER, NOTHING! THIS "33 TO 1" IS THE WINNING SCORE IN ANY MAN'S GAME . . . BOY, WHAT REFRESHMENT!


YES, SIR! NO MATTER WHAT THE SCORE IN THE GAME, EVERYBODY'S WINNING SCORE IN BEER IS "33 TO 1"! IT'S THE EXPERT BLENDING OF 33 FINE BREWS THAT GIVES PABST BLUE RIBBON ITS SMOOTHER, TASTIER, UNVARYING GOODNESS.

33 Fine Brews Blended to Make ONE Great Beer!

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Blended 33 to 1

...IT'S SMOOTHER
...IT'S TASTIER
...IT NEVER VARIES

...with a Blue Ribbon on it

This flavor — this sparkle — this smoothness — it's something you're bound to enjoy. Why don't you treat *yourself* to a cool, foaming glass today — and *prove* that "33 to 1" is top score in beer... Pabst Blue Ribbon!

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

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O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

JULY 12, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 28

HOW MUCH LONGER, MR. PRESIDENT?

☆ FOR years the Communists have played a stealthy game in the United States.

They have worn many different masks, hiding behind high-sounding titles of apparently worthy organizations. They have postured as friends of democracy, friends of peace, friends of anything and anybody that would advance their own clearly conceived and utterly detestable ends.

When it suited their purpose, these Communists have made Jefferson and Lincoln their patron saints. As the devil quotes Scripture, so they quote the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the Bill of Rights. Wrapped in the flag, they have, like many other scoundrels before them, pretended to be the only true patriots. So they have managed to penetrate agencies of social reform, labor unions, government bureaus, in fact, every avenue of our life that they thought would be useful to them. With the agility of chameleons they changed their front as often and as completely as necessary.

But never once, in all their protean changes, have they deviated by a hair's breadth from the definite line they follow, sometimes openly, sometimes secretly, but always going forward remorselessly toward their ultimate goal—revolution!

Liberty Magazine has never been fooled by these changes of front. Years ago we foresaw the Communistic danger to this republic and we published the truth, when it was unpopular to do so. Often we were severely criticized for this course. We were called alarmists, Red baiters, sensation mongers. Today, the accusations are an acknowledged reality. The sordid spectacle of Communist agents working as schoolteachers in New York City, the impudent admission of Israel Amter, the Communist leader, before a New York committee that the membership rolls of the Communist Party had been destroyed so that no government agency should ever be able to find out who belonged, the bold flouting of the President's emergency proclamation, evidenced in strikes in defense factories, these and other even more significant phenomena all emerge as confirmation of our repeated warnings. It is time that such warnings be heeded.

Today the American crisis has reached a stage where strong action is required.

The defense work must go on, and the sooner the American people find out now and quickly who is boss—the Communists or the government of the United States—the safer this country will be. No middle course can long be maintained in such a time. Earl Browder, the convict Communist leader, is on record to the same effect. But he did not mean what we mean. Browder meant that when the crisis came, Communists would take over this country lock, stock, and barrel.

Here is what he had to say about it—as appears in resolutions of the Communist Party of the U. S. A. at its ninth convention, in 1936:

"Roosevelt is not a middle course between capitalism and Socialism. There can be no middle course between these two when the issue becomes the victory of a Socialist revolution or a continuation of capitalism. When this becomes the issue, when the Socialist revolution is on the order of the day, a so-called middle course becomes the most dangerous enemy of Socialism and of the working class.

"But the issue now is not capitalism or Socialism. It is progress or reaction, Fascism or democracy. And between these two Roosevelt is trying to steer a middle course. *American labor and progressive forces are vitally interested in making full use of this middle course for the defeat of reaction and for the building up of their own independent power.* [Italics ours.] But under no circumstances can they afford to make this middle course their own. The only correct policy for the working class is the one of independent political action in alliance with the toiling farmers, Negroes, and middle classes."

Liberty believes that the time has come for the President to abandon his middle course and to take over the Communists by strong action; use his emergency powers to the limit and to get the defense program going full blast, no matter who has to go to jail.

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Uncensored! A famous reporter brings from London new, startling light on the war's No. 1 mystery

☆ RUDOLF HESS, Adolf Hitler's deputy Führer, fell into a British Secret Service trap. The British government was not entirely surprised when he landed in Scotland. They had not expected him, but they had had a shrewd idea of what was going on in the deputy Führer's mind. This was so because the correspondence which Hess had attempted to carry on with the Duke of Hamilton for many months past had been intercepted by the security departments of the British government. The Secret Service had been carrying on this correspondence in the name of the Duke of Hamilton, as it had been doing in the cases of at least a dozen other important British personages with whom Hess had attempted to correspond.

It must not, of course, be assumed that the Duke of Hamilton would have answered Hess' letters if he had received them. It is to be taken for granted that, instead, he would have turned them over to the British government.

The deputy Führer's belief that the Duke of Hamilton, by reason of his title, would have influence in the conduct of public affairs, and would enable Hess to pull off an arranged peace, did not cause surprise in informed London circles. The Duke is one of those well bred Englishmen without much political sense who, until the war began, never hesitated to attend Nazi sports rallies. He belongs to that group of people who, socially speaking, were the fringe of the Cliveden set when Chamberlain and appeasement were in their heyday.

Hess, I am informed, had hoped that he could convince these people that Russia was the real enemy of both Germany and Britain. In making this suggestion, Hess spoke on behalf of General Haushofer and Alfred Rosenberg, who were the original master minds of the Nazi Party and who developed the theory of a war against Russia. Hess' dream, however, has come to naught, for Haushofer and Rosenberg are no more. Haushofer has died under mysterious circumstances, while Rosenberg has been arrested—all this according to authoritative sources with whom I talked very recently in London. The Geopolitical Institute, where Hess taught as assistant professor to Haushofer, has been dissolved, and much of his teaching staff is understood to have been shot after two weeks of questioning. This, incidentally, was a job in which Heinrich Himmler took particular delight, since Hess had been the chief of a super-Gestapo which had spied on Himmler's Gestapo.

The leitmotiv of everything Hess had to say was Russia and the fear of Russia. Interestingly enough, it was the Soviet Embassy in Berlin which first gave the alarm to the German General Staff, which is pro-Russian, that Hess had escaped. Soviet Secret Service agents had all been watching Hess, for they knew that Rudolf Hess, General Haushofer, and Alfred Rosenberg were dead set against the pro-Russian policy of the German General Staff.

Hess, Hitler's alter ego, suffers from schizophrenia, or split personality. Schizophrenia is a medical term for cleavage of mental functions, associated with the assumption of a second personality, such as occurs in forms of dementia praecox. Having been Hitler's Svengali twenty years, Hess deluded himself into a belief that one single talk with Churchill would be enough to enable him to achieve the same hypnotic influence over the British Prime Minister that he had so long exercised over the German Führer.

Hess was sure he could sell Churchill on a plan to divide the world between Germany and Britain. Convinced that he was an incarnation of Nietzsche's superman, Hess told his followers in Augsburg, who helped him in getting a plane and charting the difficult zigzag course he had to take in order to arrive in Scotland safely, that he would be back in three days at latest.

Hess first suffered from schizophrenia in 1934. Swiss newspapers at the time commented upon it, saying most Nazi leaders suffered from one mental disorder or another. The British are presumed to have lengthy dossiers containing medical records including, among others, minute ac-

counts of Göring's drug-taking, Hitler's paranoia, and Goebbels' sexual insatiability. The British assume that the Nazi deputy Führer's flight to England was due to a combination of the effect of war upon a naturally high-strung temperament, latent schizophrenia, and realization that Germany cannot stay the pace. This, combined with an insuperable belief that no man could withstand his mesmerizing influence, led Hess to undertake his flight.

To his fear that Germany will ultimately be defeated if the war lasts beyond autumn was added the further realization that, after such defeat, to be German would be worse than to be untouchable. Something of the contemptuous hate that Germany and everything German—not alone Nazi—has engendered in Europe seems to have pervaded high Nazi ranks. These men helped Hess in his incredible adventure. They, like all German leaders, suffered from the neurotic schoolboy psychology that is an outstanding characteristic of the Nazi philosophy. Being men without principle, they believed they could make a deal with Churchill, just as an Al Capone might make arrangements with a rival mob, dividing certain territories.

It is believed in England that the Nazi Party was in process of being liquidated by the German General Staff, and that the *Alte Kämpfer,* or old-timers, as Hess called them, felt they were being deprived of the fruits of victory, and therefore decided to rat on the rest of the gang.

Hitler, aware of his deputy Führer's intentions, prepared to hail him as angel of peace if he succeeded—and to denounce him in event of failure. It must be remembered that Hess wrote two thirds of Mein Kampf. Rudolf Hess is, or has been, Hitler's *Stellvertreter.* There is no term in English which would exactly translate this word, especially as applied to Hess' position. Hess is Hitler's proxy with plenipotentiary authority. This means that, when he speaks officially, he is *ipso facto* speaking for Hitler. Mein Kampf may contain the words of Hitler; it reflects the mind of Hess. This mind produced those passages in the original version which were definitely Anglophile. It would cause no surprise if it transpired that Hess was possessed of the idea that German and British *Herrenvoelker* should divide the world between them.

Thus Hess sincerely believed that war between the two peoples making up the "Germano-Anglo-Saxon race" could not end without exposing both peoples to danger—eventual defeat at the hands of Slavic and Asiatic Russia. Why not join forces? Carve up Russia? Why not jointly exploit Asia and South America? Germany could make Japan promise America she would withdraw from China once Washington recognized the Far East as being a Japanese sphere of influence.

Yes; Germany could defeat England, but Hess thought the price too high and his solution cheaper in the end. When told by British officials that Britain would fight through to victory, he expressed frank disbelief.

Rudolf Hess taught geography with General Haushofer, founder of the German Geopolitical Institute, where the theory that Germany, because of her central position on the Continent, would inevitably dominate Europe, Russia, Asia, was first developed. The most important exponents of this theory, which implied war against Russia, were Hess, General Haushofer, and Alfred Rosenberg who was born in Baltic Russia. Hess decided upon his trip when it became clear that his hold upon Hitler was weakening in direct proportion to increasing German-Russian co-operation, which has been a basic political conception of the German Army High Command since even the days of the Weimar Republic. Hess arrived in Britain shortly after Stalin assumed the premiership of Soviet Russia—arrived, in fact, on the same day on which Stalin recognized insurgent anti-British Rashid Ali in Iraq and kicked Yugoslav, Belgian, and Norwegian diplomatic representatives out of Russia.

Only a last-minute effort could save the theories upon which Hess has based his political life. Only a desperate effort could prevent his defeat in the struggle to dominate the Führer's will. A desperate stroke to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat! So Hess flew to Britain, charting his course with a somnambulistic surefootedness that astonished British pilots. He wanted to see Churchill, to tell him of his plan to save the Germano-Anglo-Saxon race.

What possible guaranty could a man like Hess have offered Churchill in a joint war against Russia, in case the British Prime Minister had been in-

(*Continued on page 48*)

BY JOHANNES STEEL

The Plan of Rudolf Hess to Divide the World with England

Her eyes widened. "Are
afraid? Did you run
they came?" she whisp

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

BY F. E. RECHNITZER

Hurricanes, Take Over!

The stirring story of a boy who hated war and became a shining battle-hero of the sky

☆ HAVE you heard the story going the rounds over there about the unknown pilot who cruises England's Archie-stippled skies? There are R. A. F. lads who set down, bleary-eyed, after a patrol up there in the devil's playground, and swear, as they order a "double-an'-soda," they have seen his Hurricane, watched him pour it to a bandit from across the Channel. It is even whispered that Ball, Mickey Mannock, or perhaps Guynemer has flown back across the Styx to help. Yet in all of England there is but one who knows, yet dares not tell, that this legendary pilot is his only son, Flying Officer Peter Galen.

Up to the day war was declared Peter Galen was considered tops as a Hurricane pilot. Perhaps he inherited some of his ability from his father, Wing Commander P. T. Galen, D. S. O. —and half a dozen other ribbons. Back in the other war, Peter's dad was one of the best Camel pilots in the game. The nearest of kin to thirty-nine Jerry pilots could so attest.

On the other hand, Peter probably acquired his sense of rhythm from his mother. She died in 1939, just before he earned his wings. Music had been poured into her blood for generations. She must have passed some of it on to Peter, for he could coax music out of any old box, even those battered uprights gracing the far wall of practically every squadron mess.

Then war came. And with its coming, Flying Officer Peter Galen disappeared. His overturned skiff drifted ashore along the coast of Kent. The obits in the papers simply stated that the well known R. A. F. pilot had died in a sailing accident on the Channel.

But the wing commander knew the answer to the overturned boat. A letter, mailed by Peter a day after the finding of the skiff, had left him crushed in a slough of bewildering disappointment.

He sat alone, his eyes closed to the blue-shaded light over the desk. No need to look at the letter lying beside his orders for the night. Each word was etched on his memory with acid of despair and shattered hope.

Dear Dad:

I wish I could have said what I am about to in the garden that day. . . .

The wing commander clicked his pipestem across his teeth. The moment was woven into his memory. It was the last time he had seen the lad. They had both wangled a short leave and spent it together in Kent. He could still see Peter standing among the fall chrysanthemums, face flushed, grimy hands wrapped around a clump of weeds. Lad was always weeding, it seemed.

"Must hate those things, Peter," he'd said, coming through the hedge.

Peter had glanced down at the weeds, smiled, and tossed them into the barrow on the pebbled path.

"I don't, dad," he'd said. "Some are rather pretty plants. Must be destroyed, though, so good ones can live. They'd strangle the others."

Nora, the housekeeper, had come waddling out of the kitchen with two postagrams fanned in her fat red fist. Been expecting them for days. Peter opened his slowly, read the terse order recalling him to his squadron, and then dropped it on the heap of weeds.

"Well, Peter," the commander had said, "it's here. Envy you no end. You'll be in a cockpit while I warm the cushions of a swivel chair. Trade braid with you." He put his arm across the lad's shoulder as they turned toward the cottage. "Wager many a Jerry over there remembers the name Galen."

Peter's lips had moved but formed no words. A shadow had flickered across his face.

The wing commander's fingers trembled slightly as he held a match to his pipe. The bowl drew a bead on the letter lying under the blue light.

. . . I've been trying to tell you ever since mother died. But we were never close enough for confidences, were we? . . . If only I could have talked to you as I did to her, dad. I might have been able to tell you I hate the day I learned to fly. . . . Your greatest ambition was to have another Galen in the air, so I became a pilot. I kept hoping my time would be up before I had to hurt you as I know I am hurting you now.

Perhaps I inherited some of it from mother. You see, I hate war. Did she ever tell you how she used to sit and look across the Channel toward France? You were fighting over there. It was then she realized other women were waiting alone, suffering, praying the one they loved would come out of it. She loved you, dad, and because of that love her hate for war was born. . . . Now, this may surprise you, dad, but you had as much to do with making me hate it as mother, perhaps more. . . .

The indictment staggered him. That *he* of all men should be charged by his son of making him hate war.

. . . It was Tubby Knowles, Deke Harris, and Hugh Richards that really set me thinking. Remember how they always came to dinner on August 8? There was Uncle Tubby, his face contorted by a mask of scar tissue, his left hand like a mummy's claw. Uncle Deke limping around on that artificial foot of his, bragging he was represented by a silver cup among Richthofen's relics. And Uncle Hugh, acting as queer as he talked, practically a washout. I always felt a bit ill whenever he told about how the four of you caught a Jerry column flatfooted up near Albert and let them have Coopers and Vickers. He seemed to gloat over the men who left red smears on the road as they crawled away. And every time he told that story I hated those ribbons you are so proud of more than ever. . . .

The box at his side burped. He flipped the switch. "Wing Commander Galen . . ."

The box grated. "Men are assembled in briefing room, sir."

"How's the weather?"

(*Continued on page 38*)

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MARTHA SCOTT

The Girl Who Wasn't

☆ I HAVE always thought it would be wonderful to be a motion-picture producer, because it is the one calling in the world in which you can go on making mistakes year after year and still eat.

But even the prospect of being continually rich although continually wrong could scarcely reconcile me to the burning sensation I would now have around the cheekbones if I had been the all-wise one who said to Martha Scott:

"You may be all right on Broadway, kid, but you just don't photograph."

That was way back in the GWTW era, when every presumptively photogenic young woman who wasn't being tested for Scarlett—and many a one who was—was being tested for Melanie, in the longest of all ballyhoos for the longest of all movie epics.

Martha, on the strength of her triumphant performance as Emily Webb in the stage production of Thornton Wilder's Our Town, was inevitably promptly "flown West" for a camera look-see.

Grounded finally at Burbank, she soon discovered that nobody in Hollywood knew what she was all about. Most people she talked to had never heard of her New York success in Our Town. Many, apparently, had never heard of New York.

Finally, a harried test director pushed her onto a stage which had been painstakingly lighted to show off the vivid dark beauty of Paulette Goddard, and permitted her to do a scene with Paulette which held for her, Martha, only one important histrionic requirement: that she keep the back of her head toward the camera. It was on the strength of this test that the best young actress to reach California in many a long year was catalogued "nonphotogenic."

But it wasn't until Hollywood decided to make a movie out of Our Town, the play which Miss Scott had made her own by her superbly sensitive stage rendering of the principal feminine part, that Martha fell victim to the supreme Hollywoodism: to wit, that no actress who has successfully played a role on the stage can possibly play the same role on the screen.

Even Sol Lesser—the only man in Hollywood who had had the imagination to see Our Town as a picture, and who had seen Martha's Emily seven times on the New York stage—so far conformed to the old Hollywood custom as to oracle solemnly, after buying the screen rights to the play, "She's not the type!"

But she *was* the type—perhaps the only girl in the American show shop who *was* the type—as Lesser found out seven months later, after he had looked over some two hundred Hollywood starlets and found each and every one of them lacking in that certain something which had made Martha Scott the find of the Broadway season—which has since made her the find of the Hollywood year.

Even after Martha arrived for her second test—this time on a stage lighted to show off her own gentle starry-eyed beauty—there were plenty who tried to dissuade Mr. Lesser from his purpose.

"She's terrible!" "Send her back!"

That's what the wise boys were saying behind Martha's slim little back, and what they said to her face was almost as brutal in its implications. She is an unusually sweet-tempered person, Miss Scott, but there came a time when the sweetness just wouldn't hold out any longer.

"Haven't you had any experience in Hollywood at all?" bellowed a bigwig.

"In a way, yes," replied Martha, thinking of her test for Melanie.

"What d'yer mean, 'in a way'?"

Martha knew that she should give the soft answer that turns away producer wrath, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. Instead, she purred, "Well, I was in a show at the Chicago Fair, and we were next door to Robert Ripley's Odditorium. We used to eat lunch with the exhibits. So, while I've never had any actual experience in Hollywood, I'm sure I could get used to it."

This conversation, although possibly apocryphal, reveals Miss Scott in an absolutely biographical mood. She *was* in a "show" at the Chicago Fair, the Globe Shakespearean Theater, which was not only next to Believe-It-or-Not but was across the Midway from Sally Rand.

Yes, Martha had had stage experience, but she hadn't had any Hollywood experience, and she was definitely not photogenic—and seven months later five Hollywood producers were fighting to see which would offer her the longest and largest contract, and she had compromised by accepting two of them—contracts, I mean—a five-year one with Mr. Lesser and a three-year one with Frank Lloyd—and Mr. Lloyd had put her into a co-starring role with Cary Grant in The Howards of Virginia, and was telling the world:

"I haven't had an actress like Martha Scott since Pauline Frederick. They are few and far between."

Within a year after her arrival in Hollywood Miss Scott was being nominated for the Academy award—and a lot of people thought she ought to have had it—and practically everybody is sure she'll get it next year; and the boys who said "She's terrible!" are now calling her "Holly-

wood's Helen Hayes"; and the ones who shouted "Send her back!" are telling each other how they "discovered" her.

As this chronicle is written, this same mighty mobilization of massive mentalities, referred to reverently west of the Santa Madres as "The Industry," is all in a dither over Miss Scott's work in her third picture, Cheers for Miss Bishop, which is a screen version of Bess Streeter Aldrich's tear-jerking biography of a Midwestern schoolmistress from her first day of teaching until her retirement.

Miss Bishop, Hollywood knew right away, was "a good story." It always had been a good story. It was a good story when it was called Goodbye, Mr. Chips. And nobody could deny that it gave young Miss Scott opportunity for "a graceful performance in the time-hallowed actor's feat of getting old convincingly," or that she took full advantage of that opportunity, just as Robert Donat had done in the masculine version.

Miss Scott's portrayal was the kind that could not fail to appeal to "women posedly being able to do just that sort of thing.

The excuse most often advanced is, quite ungallantly, the lady's looks.

No actress that I can remember, except perhaps a few character women, has had the word "plain" applied to her as often as Martha. Even her chief admirers among the movie critics continually use the term when writing about her. And they speak of "her mousy hair, her snub nose." They mention "her very high forehead, irregular features, and a not at all voluptuous mouth." They say she is "square-jawed, high-browed."

But—and this is only one of the baffling angles of the picture—when Billy Rose, supposedly the world's greatest judge of feminine pulchritude, was asked to make a list of Hollywood beauties who came closest to his ideal of physical perfection as to figure, Martha Scott was his number two girl. Only Claudette Colbert beat her to the tape measure.

Yet Hollywood passed up Miss Scott both as to face and figure.

Perhaps this was well. If the makeup people had taken her in hand, put made America homesick for its better self," "the America we once knew and still want." That's something more to depend on as a foundation for a career than a package of ping or an ocean of oomph!

A good deal of this down-to-earth, richly simple impression is unquestionably due to the roles Martha has played, especially in Our Town and Miss Bishop. Martha's own personality is much more complex.

It is true, as the New York Times has well said, that "she retains an errant and unmannered charm. She is fresh and joyous; she has not lost her sense of wonder," and sometimes one gets "a glimpse of startled timidity in her brown eyes, a sudden turning of the head as if some one had just said 'Boo!' in her ear." But the very next moment she will say something so sophisticated and knowledgeful as to be almost shattering in its impact. She has an agile, alert, thoroughly trained and disciplined mind which makes her a positive joy to talk to.

"Every one wants to protect Martha," a friend said, not long ago, "she looks so frail and unknowing. The

Photogenic

Hollywood surprise! . . The story behind the swift success of a lady they said couldn't make the grade

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

with plenty of handkerchiefs." Wrote Louella Parsons, who has plenty of everything:

"I was so carried away with her performance that I couldn't restrain the tears."

Actually, of course, Miss Bishop was a walk-on for Martha Scott as compared with her Emily Webb in Our Town, a part so difficult that Broadway Producer Jed Harris was quoted as saying that he had tried everybody but Boris Karloff in the role!

But it makes no great difference whether Hollywood accepts Martha Scott for her transcendent performance in Our Town or for a run-of-the-reel performance in Miss Bishop, so long as it does accept her and allows her to take her place among the half dozen other young leading women of the screen who really deserve the name of actress. Nevertheless it still remains a baffling problem that this young woman's conspicuous talent for screen work should not have been immediately recognized by people who draw down huge salaries for sup-

padding in her cheeks, stuck long silky antennae on her eyelashes, hung blondined bangs on her forehead, and dolled her up generally, she might have found herself in successful competition with Ann Sheridan and Lana Turner and Rita Hayworth and Betty Grable, she might have achieved the high-pressure build-up of a Veronica Lake—but she would never have had the chance to become, as she *has* become in a little over a year, a new-era Mary Pickford.

In spite of the sweeping costumes she wore in The Howards and her very obvious aging in Miss Bishop, a large fraction of Miss Scott's movie admirers still think of her as a little girl. After her appearance in Our Town, an unknown boy fan wrote:

"I enjoyed you very much, and I think you'll be a great actress when you grow up."

And for her older worshipers that rare ability—which Little Mary held long after she had been married and divorced and married again—to look about fourteen has an equally strong appeal. The nation's newest sweetheart, that's what they call her, the girl next door, the girl back home, the girl we left behind us, the universal village queen, the girl "who has

truth of the matter is that she probably knows what it is all about more than any of us."

Martha is a young woman of not inconsiderable education. Born in 1916 on a Missouri farm, she began her schooling in a one-room schoolhouse. Her parents—her father was Walter Scott, distantly related to the British Sir Walter, and her mother Letha McKinley Scott, a second cousin of the late President McKinley—took her to Kansas City so that she might have better educational advantages. It was there that she started toward her histrionic future.

The motivating power was a burly football-playing youth who had been selected in a nation-wide poll as the Ideal American Boy and who, by reason of his ideality, was selected to play the male lead in the school play. He paid no attention to "scared-eyed, spindle-shanked," cotton-stockinged Martha, so she decided to go out for the feminine lead in the play, knowing well that if she landed it she would, at the final curtain, be permitted to swoon in her hero's arms. But the scheme didn't work. Martha got the lead all right, but she got scarlet fever too.

(*Continued on page 48*)

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

A commander of yesterday's A.E.F. speaks with disturbing frankness of our fighting forces today

Why our High

☆ A FRIEND of mine motored to an army post recently, and saw a traffic sign that read, "Slow. U. S. Army."

"Why advertise that?" he asked. "Everybody knows the army's slow."

Yes, the army is slow; but it is not quite true, as charged, that it always prepares for the last war.

The army has been quite slow in the past. When it has been called upon to make changes, it has usually done so through boards, which even in military circles are described as "long, hard, narrow, wooden things." At the end of the first World War boards were appointed to study the valuable experiences gained by our army. The members of these boards conferred and discussed and differed, each insisting and insisting on his own point of view until—well, things just seemed to settle down of themselves.

Enormous changes have since developed in modern warfare. Is our army ready to adopt them without haggling and without long discussions in board meetings, so that we may swiftly prepare for threatened war?

In 1939 and 1940 and during the present year our army has been busy in training and in the practice of "army maneuvers." This affords a sure indication of what is to be expected in further training—and possibly in war itself. In the 1939 and 1940 maneuvers our entire military forces were assembled in four armies, all woefully undermanned. Only a few days were given to the field training of an army. Nevertheless, these maneuvers gave to army commanders and their staffs some practice in staff and army organization, and in assembly, movement, and supply of troops. It also gave them a knowledge of what a large force in the theater of operations needs in supplies, supply lines, bases, and other details. And in some cases it established over a wide region a military-civilian-airplane-telephone-telegraph-radio system of warning against hostile approach.

All these were things of promise; but it is to be regretted that not one organized army was maintained for the training of 1941 or for any war of the near future. Everything stopped when the maneuvers stopped. Consequently all these organizations will have to be re-formed, and each one of them must be given a soul, as the commander of one of them aptly put it.

Sometimes our army leads all other armies in preparing new methods of warfare. As a matter of fact, the American Army invented the "blitzkrieg"—though of course it never used that term to describe it. Our little samples of mechanized and motorized troops have shown their qualities in a number of maneuvers—and foreshadowed the demoralization, the terror to be caused by German mechanized and motorized forces in Norway, Belgium, Holland, and France.

The lesson that was learned, or should have been, was invaluable: the knowledge that we must have mechanization, motorization, and modern armament; the knowledge that there had been too much readiness to fasten limitations on the newer, swifter, deadlier weapons.

For the past two and a half years or so the newspapers and the radio have deplored our lack of up-to-date arms and war machines. Too often during this time we have heard army authorities declare, "We haven't the proper arms to practice war." Too often we have allowed this confession of unpreparedness to stop our simulation, in practice, of the modern style of war.

Last year I suggested to two of our army commanders that they include modern methods of warfare in their maneuvers by simulating the arms and machines they did not have. They prepared to do so; but they were hampered in their attempt, largely because of the necessity of drilling recruits. They had little time for the streamlined units or for anything else.

We are now in the midst of our 1941 training, and we are preparing for a great war that threatens us; yet, to a large extent, we still lack the means of waging up-to-date war. And the apparent ignorance of some of our high officers, or the disregard they have displayed of the purposes, power, and methods of the new organizations and the new weapons, is disturbing.

In those maneuvers, the commander of one army, who was about to attack another, moved his most maneuverable division, a streamlined motor unit, from one flank where it had wide room for movement to a far flank where it could not move at all. It was placed against an impassable river. The speed and scope which constituted its special power and purpose were entirely lost.

Another commander took note of a strong mechanized brigade with tanks, gas-tube guns, and other simulated modern equipment, which was threatening his left flank. He paid little attention to it, however. He didn't know what it was, or didn't understand its menace.

Another important officer, charged with supervising the maneuvers of two armies, severely criticized the commander of a streamlined unit for not abandoning the speed of his motorized reconnaissance equipment as he approached his enemy, and for not causing his reconnaissance and approach to be made by the slow movement of foot troops. The critic was an old man who had no knowledge or experience of streamlined warfare. He mauled the young man severely on two counts, neither of which merited the slightest criticism, and reprimanded him for endangering his command.

The young officer might have been in danger, but not from the enemy. He moved too swiftly. The senior officer didn't realize that the widely separated parts of a command can be quickly reunited, and by their very speed. Or else he didn't see the significance of the fact. And it was an error to criticize the commander of a swift-moving force for not abandoning his speed and power when the enemy had not forced—as he had not—a reconnaissance *on foot*.

It is remarkable that although America is the most mechanized, motorized, and progressive nation on earth, and although every army of the military service tries to keep abreast of the progress of military science, and although our newspapers and military observers give us the most detailed accounts of modern methods of warfare, and although the War Department has repeatedly paraded the new arms and the new troops—it is remarkable, I repeat, that our high ranking officers have, as in the cases mentioned, shown such ignorance or such disregard.

In the maneuvers of 1939 our Army Air Corps was represented by only a few planes. The higher-ups couldn't be bothered to take a real part in the maneuvers. They were too busy, they said, in working out their two-year expansion program—though many Americans felt they were more busily engaged in celebrating their birthday.

Therefore there was little or no practice between ground troops and aviation. Not even the first problem could be illustrated—for instance, how to reach a battlefield under air observation and attack, such as must always be expected today.

In 1940 our air force showed to better advantage. It was present in larger numbers of planes—although most of them appeared to be copies of the one flown by the Wrights at Kitty Hawk in

One of "our little samples" in maneuvers at Fort Knox: Tanks of Company B, 192d Tank Battalion.

Army Officers Are Unfit

BY LIEUTENANT GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD

1903. There were a few bombers and fighters—typical of those used in Europe at the very start of the present war, and abandoned as soon as possible because they were obsolete. Nevertheless, the practice in 1940, even with its antique planes, was along the lines of such warfare as is being carried on in Europe today. That helped a lot.

A study of army commanders' requirements for the annual training of troops, their program for the one-month maneuvers in 1939 and in 1940, and a comparison of these with the requirements and the program of training for the army of 1941, will convince one that little can be accomplished in a year.

The subjects of training set forth are infinite—appalling in number and variety. Troops trained for only a year correspond to industry's "unskilled labor." It took Hitler six years to make his army, and he made it out of a people whose strongest national characteristic is obedience to a leader. It is certain we shall have to lengthen the period of training and preparation.

And what about those officers who may come to the highest commands in war?

With but a single exception, that of General Pershing, no American army officer who came to high command in the first World War had ever exercised, in real or mimic war, the command of a field force as great or as complicated as a wartime battalion of today. Up to the moment of contact with Germany's warriors, who were led by seasoned generals, these American officers had known only the continuous, ever repeated training of recruits, "the school of the soldier," "minor tactics," etc. They had, perforce, acquired ideas and opinions of warfare which in the course of many years had become fixed, set, constant, unchangeable. So, when they collided with the entirely new, different, and mighty operations of actual up-to-date warfare, they were helpless. Those of them who did not, or could not, abandon their fixed ideas and theories failed—within my observation—and were removed from command.

There were many of these—alas, too many of them. And they were of very high rank. But this wasn't generally known in the United States, perhaps because of the army's censorship.

In the past twenty years, when our army was reduced and scattered to such an extent that maneuvers were impossible, and, in fact, up to the present moment, our army leaders—all of them—have had only the same small experience in command, the same recruit training, the same "school of the soldier," the same "minor tactics" as those men who had to be relieved of command in our last war. And one cannot help but feel that in the next war—in any war—many will have to be removed.

Our four armies are about to enter upon training and maneuvers for higher units and commanders. With real or simulated modern arms and war machines, high commands and commanders can be tested in almost all the operations of war. In such tests the army could, and should, obtain complete and accurate information as to its higher officers and their ability to meet the requirements of modern warfare. Those unable to do so should be firmly turned back; and the authority to turn them back should be in the army commander.

And if we haven't sufficient time to prepare, and if we do not weed out those higher officers who should be weeded out, then— Brethren, let us pray!

THE END

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

The Rise and Fall

BY ALAN HYND

In 1913 Joseph Schenck, returning from Europe, got acquainted with Evelyn Nesbit and learned of her fear that her former husband, Harry Thaw, slayer of Stanford White, would escape from Matteawan and seek her out for vengeance. When the ship docked, they found that Thaw had escaped two days before. Joe instantly saw the possibilities in all this publicity, and before Evelyn walked down the gangplank she agreed to star for him in a picture, Redemption. Filmed in two weeks, it brought him in a profit of $200,000.

In 1915 Roland West told him of Norma Talmadge, whom West had admired on the screen. Joe sent this youngster an offer of $75 a week, and snorted when informed that she wanted $400. But, the next year, he met Norma—and when she laughingly said her price was now $1,000 a week, he offered her that, plus one fourth of the profits on her pictures. He bought screen rights to a stage hit, rented a studio in Manhattan, and became a frequent caller at the Talmadges' apartment, where Mother Peg was doing her wily best to keep all three of her daughters single, for their careers' sakes. Her tactics didn't work in Joe Schenck's case. The picture, Panthea, proved a huge success, and then Joe and Norma broke to the rejoicing Peg the news that they had been married two months before.

In September, 1921, Joe was much perturbed by a phone call from far-off Hollywood to the effect that his former star comedian, Fatty Arbuckle, might have to face a charge of manslaughter.

PART THREE—PRELUDE TO HEARTBREAK

☆ THE year 1922 was to be outstanding and decisive in the fabulous career of Joseph M. Schenck. The forerunner to its fatefulness began in September, 1921, when an obscure actress named Virginia Rappe died as a result of an anti-Volstead party in the rooms of Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle in a San Francisco hotel, and Arbuckle was held in connection with the death. Schenck sped to the Pacific coast from his estate at Bayside, Long Island, leaving Norma Talmadge, his wife, behind. As he reached California, the rotund Arbuckle, second only to Charlie Chaplin as a celluloid clown, was indicted for manslaughter. It was alleged that Miss Rappe had been fatally injured when the huge comedian had attempted to assault her.

Arbuckle had not been in Schenck's employ for some time, but the two men had remained close friends. "Tell me, Roscoe," said Joe, "are you guilty of any crime in connection with this death?"

"Joe," said Arbuckle, "as God is my judge, I wished that girl no harm. The whole thing was an accident."

"Have you any money, Roscoe?"

The comedian shrugged, and his chubby face took on the expression of a boy deeply hurt. "You know me, Joe," he answered. "I spent it as fast as I made it."

"All right," said Schenck. "I have a hundred thousand dollars for you. There's more where that came from if you need it."

Arbuckle began to cry. "Don't blubber," said Schenck. "Tell me. What does Minta think of this mess?" Minta Durfee was Fatty's wife, who had remained behind in Hollywood while her husband had gone to 'Frisco.

"She's sticking by me," said the film clown. "She believes in me, too."

In his early years Joe Schenck had anticipated that moving pictures would some day somehow outrage public decency, unless subject matters were carefully watched. He had not anticipated that the cause of the first nation-wide sense of outrage would be the alleged offscreen behavior of a close friend of his.

The yellow press and a handful of Hollywood ingrates tried Arbuckle before the case ever reached a jury. Minor players and extras gave out statements, for publicity purposes, to the effect that Hollywood was the center of depravity. Henry Lehrman, comedy director, who said he was affianced to Miss Rappe, told reporters that if justice didn't mete out proper punishment to Fatty, he would. John Roach Straton preached a sermon based on the Arbuckle case. Montana cowboys whipped out their six-shooters and made a sieve of a screen on which one of Fatty's comedies was being shown. Eight thousand persons, mostly outsiders who had been reading the newspapers, attended the funeral services of Virginia Rappe in Los Angeles. Joe Schenck mingled with the crowd, listening to remarks. What he heard convinced him that the Arbuckle case had given the public a picture of Hollywood that was far out of focus—but that drastic action would have to be taken to prevent this snowball already rolling downhill from landing like an avalanche on Hollywood and on the studios and the stars.

Arbuckle went on trial in November, 1921. The jury disagreed, the score being eleven for acquittal and one—a woman—for conviction.

After conferring with defense attorneys, Schenck went back East. He was with his wife when the whistle blew, ushering in the fateful new year. He was not merrymaking; he was preparing to leave again for the Pacific coast, for the second Arbuckle trial was scheduled for January. He said to Norma Talmadge at parting, "How would you like to move to California? I'll build you a house out there that will put this place in the shade." Norma said she would like to go.

The second trial resulted in another disagreement. In March Arbuckle was placed on trial a third time, and

It was Joe who spoke first. "I can't blame you," he said. "I'm not handsome, and he is; I'm no longer young."

Joseph Schenck

The vivid chronicle of an amazing career touches new heights and depths of drama

on April 6 he was acquitted. Aside from lawyers' fees, the defense expenses for the three trials totaled $110,000. When Fatty left the courtroom, free, he asked Schenck, "What did all this set you back, Joe?"

Schenck told him. "But you'll be able to pay me back some day," he said. "Don't worry about it."

He had meanwhile been conferring with other Hollywood magnates and, as a result, he had made overtures to Will Hays, Postmaster General in the Harding Cabinet, urging him to come to Hollywood and be czar of the movies at many times his Cabinet salary. Hays, an elder of the Presbyterian Church with a large following among women's organizations, had come to dislike the odor of the Harding-Ohio gang, and he felt that, while he couldn't whip Washington into line, he could handle Hollywood. So he landed in the film capital not long before Arbuckle was acquitted.

Fatty was jubilant, and had ambitious plans for his professional future. On April 15, nine days following his acquittal, Joe Schenck said to him, "Roscoe, I have bad news for you. You're out of pictures."

Fatty didn't quite understand; he thought Schenck was joking. "No," said the producer; "the jury may have acquitted you, but the public didn't. Will Hays says that no more of your pictures are to be released, not even those that were in the cans before this trouble."

Joe Schenck bought a parcel of land right on Hollywood Boulevard and began construction of a dream house for Norma Talmadge and himself. The Norma and Constance Talmadge pictures and those of brother-in-law Buster Keaton were by this time at such heights of popularity, and certain Schenck investments had turned out so successfully, that Joe actually thought of retiring from production.

"I had always worked hard," he told me recently, "and had had no time for pleasure. I thought I would like to go in for fishing and sailing and golf and other sports, and sit back and enjoy life, just retaining enough of a financial interest in pictures and theaters and real estate to make a good living and make it unnecessary to break in on my savings, which were then well over a million. I wanted to travel, too, and see the world. Had I followed out that plan, I wouldn't today be in this income-tax jam with the government, for I wouldn't have made enough money to get into trouble over."

While the dream house was being built, Joe went to Russia on a business trip. Norma, busy making a picture, couldn't accompany him. With retirement in mind, he wanted one last fling at enterprise: he was anxious to explore the possibilities of his native land (he was now a naturalized American citizen) as to both production and exhibition of motion pictures. He made a pilgrimage to the rye country on the Sheksna River, where he was born, and there he saw a

(*Continued on page 43*)

Winning From Life

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ HAVE you ever seen a check for two and one half billion dollars?

Recently I interviewed the one man in the United States who could write a check for so staggering an amount of government money and know that it would not bounce.

He is a remarkable man of many jobs—so many, in fact, that were they to be explained and enumerated here this article actually would be overlength. A great vital giant of a man with twinkling blue-green eyes that, at sixty-seven, gleam with the boundless enthusiasm with which he works and plays and talks.

America—a nation of success stories—has no more inspiring tale than his to tell. Before his long-pants days, as a boy of fourteen, he wrote his first check. By thirty he was rich—having run $500 worth of credit into an $8,000 investment and the $8,000 investment, in turn, into his first million. He not only kept that million but built it into a considerable private fortune.

He built a great city—Houston, Texas—transforming it from an unimpressive prairie town to a great national seaport.

Today—as this nation's chief banker—he has loaned more money than any individual in the world's history. Through his pale strong hands in recent years have gone more than eleven billion dollars of your government's money—to banks, to railroads, to homeowners, to business men small and large—and it comes back bearing welcome profits.

The man I went to see is Jesse Holman Jones, Secretary of Commerce and Federal Loan Administrator for the New Deal, who has brought to the heaviest spending administration in America's history the formula for success.

I went to see him because I felt that this outstandingly successful man might be able to impart to Liberty's readers some of the homespun wisdom, the simple rules upon which he has built his great private and public triumphs.

Possessor of half a dozen honorary degrees from universities, Jesse Jones never had more than a common-school education. Many men have complained that lack of education has prevented them from climbing the ladder of success. Here was a man whose whole history gave the lie to that alibi.

He greeted me cordially. When we were seated, his great 220-pound, six-foot-three body relaxed as though he had no other more pressing business than to talk easily to me in his mild, quiet voice. And, before I had put my first question to him, I realized one thing about Jesse Jones.

He knew the secret of body control—of relaxing himself utterly, almost indolently, while his mind, eager and swift, prepared to cope with the challenge of whatever questions I wished to put to him. He greeted my visit not as an annoying intrusion upon a staggering work schedule but as a fresh task, immediately at hand, which he took pleasure in approaching as one more challenge in the interesting game of life.

I respected his graciousness by coming at once to the point.

"Have you any short skeletonized rules for success?" I asked him.

"Work!" he replied tersely. "Love your work and do it well."

There was nothing new about the work-success formula. I dug a little deeper.

"You look upon your work as an interesting game?"

"As the greatest fun in the world."

"What makes it interesting to you?"

"Because in working you accomplish something."

A lot of persons know the joy of accomplishment; it has led many up the ladder to success. But what of the man whose job was humble, routine, unexciting? I put the objection into words:

"Every one cannot do what he likes to do. Suppose your work was some-

thing which was humdrum and dull?"

Jesse Jones, though his voice did not rise an iota, got positive emphasis into his immediate reply.

"Nothing," he said flatly, "is humdrum. Neither work nor play—unless you make it so."

And there—as I was to reflect later—was one of the simple foundation stones upon which this great man had built a lifetime of success.

"If you excel in what you do," he continued, "usually greater opportunities will open for you."

Here, in a nutshell, was Jesse Jones' philosophy of wresting success from life. He took the problem of the moment—this very interview, for example—and gave it everything he had. When it was over, there would be another task to be mastered. A job might be humdrum, routine to many men. To Jesse Jones, each job

spiration for Americans! lively, revealing tribute

BY BERNARR MACFADDEN

Left: Jesse Holman Jones, Secretary of Commerce and Federal Loan Administrator.

was a challenge. Accept every challenge offered by life—and win!

Jesse Jones, I learned, had begun his entry into the world of business in the drab task of being a tobacco farmer and handler.

"My father," he explained, "was a tobacco merchant and farmer. He bought and prized tobacco for shipment abroad. I worked in the factory in rainy weather. When I was fourteen he started a branch factory some distance from home and put me in charge of it."

"Weren't you a little young for that responsibility?" I asked.

"Yes," said Jesse Jones—and admitted that he was prey to the same fears that close the door of success upon so many men. "I asked my father if he thought I could do the job. He said: 'You can do it as well as I can.' I knew he would not tell me so unless he thought I could. He took me to town to the bank and I gave the bank my signature so I could draw checks to pay for the tobacco and run the plant. All that was necessary to know was how to grade tobacco and the condition it had to be in when received and when prized—that is, the content of moisture it should have. And, of course, to compute the proper calculations in weights, prices, payments, etc."

This simple explanation did not cover everything. Biographers of Jesse Jones have disclosed that the fourteen-year-old boy often had to argue with cursing farmers who would try to trick him by weighing their loads of tobacco with too much water. Constantly he lived in dread of being imposed upon. But he pitted his wits against those of older men, and accepted that, too, as a challenge from life. A challenge to a contest he intended to win.

He was a salesman for a while. Then a bookkeeper in a Texas lumber yard. He kept his books, but he did not keep his nose in them. He learned everything there was to learn about jobs in a lumber yard, from stacking lumber to selling it. When the manager was away, he managed the lumber yard.

At twenty-four he became general manager of the M. T. Jones Lumber Company, which had a string of lumber yards and two sawmills. He established credit at a bank by borrowing and quickly repaying money he did not need.

When a good lumber yard went on sale for $8,000, he borrowed the money, bought it, and went into business for himself. Eventually he owned sixty-five lumber yards and several sawmills. He might have rested there. But to Jesse Jones life held more challenges. Having won success in one field, he turned to others. He bought lots, built houses, and sold them on the installment plan. Today he owns hotels, newspapers, radio stations, and scores of buildings in Houston and other cities.

Essentially a promoter and a shrewd trader, Jesse Jones does not gamble recklessly. Always he asks himself: "How good a risk is it?" And then sets himself to the task of finding out.

When the panic of 1907 set in, he liquidated much of his holdings on a hunch, lent money, and began building in Houston. The panic was brief. He cleaned up. Good luck?

"Mebbe, mebbe," as Jesse Jones himself might say. But he has had his bad luck, too—and has accepted it as a challenge and has whipped it.

By the time he had his first million he had driven himself zestfully but too recklessly. His health broke. The doctor told him he must stop—or wreck himself.

He turned to golf for exercise. He forced himself to play regularly and began to shoot in the eighties. At night he lay in bed, legs spread-eagled, hands at sides, palms down, and taught himself, by dint of sheer perseverance, body control and utter relaxation. Today he can cat-nap anywhere, at any time—and awake refreshed. Today, too, he conserves his health wisely; walks, plays a little golf, eats sparingly.

"Do you think," I asked Jesse Jones, "any one could make a success with a six- or eight-hour workday?"

"Yes," he said. "Success is not measured by hours of work. Neither is it measured by the accumulation of property. Thinking and planning is work, and is seldom done in the regular working hours."

Jesse Jones—like all successful men—is no clock watcher. It is said that at odd moments, during relaxation away from the office, he is likely to whip out pencil and paper and work out the details of a loan or a trade.

Because he is an extraordinarily vital man, he still adheres to a rigorous schedule seven days a week. He awakes around six-thirty, studies office papers he has brought home with him, dictates, has breakfast and reads the newspapers. From nine in the morning until eight at night he may work in his offices. He is in bed around midnight. In the early R. F. C. years he worked until one or two in the morning. Now he takes things a little easier.

But his zest for the game of life is as great as ever. Winning that game is his obsession. He might have been the lumber king of America today. He had too multi-faceted eagerness for that. When he had succeeded in the lumber business—in which, remember, he started in the humdrum fashion of hundreds of other men: as a bookkeeper—he turned to new fields of conquest. He himself has said:

"I played business all over the board—and helped build a city."

Jesse Holman Jones has not stopped playing business all over the board. Possessed of innumerable titles and duties, he has become the greatest banker in history; has loaned money on everything from reindeer in Alaska to dude ranches in New Mexico; has loaned a Negro farmer twenty-five dollars of your money and mine (on ample collateral) and also has loaned as much as two hundred million dollars on a single investment. All at a profit. His stature becomes more apparent when it is recalled that he wields control—in addition to his power over a dozen or more government agencies—over four important national-defense corporations.

No one man could do all this single-handed. I asked Jesse Jones:

"Is your success dependent upon the men you select?"

"Yes," he replied, "to a large extent—or upon those that others select. And I try to help them do their jobs. I have a few people in my employ who have been with me for thirty to forty years—all of their adult lives. I seldom discharge a man, but try to find the thing he can do best."

"Have you any special plan," I persisted, "that you adhere to in selecting men?"

"No," said Jesse Jones. "Usually I like to know as much about a man as possible—his character and qualifications, his background and his outlook on life. Don't like them too smart. Prefer the plodders. They are less apt to get you in trouble. Trustworthiness and fidelity are the best recommendations."

And there—in reverse English—was the same success formula of Jesse Holman Jones. If you are an employee, you can learn from it.

THE END

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BY LILIAN BUSH

A Husband Fo... He...

Here's romance! A glowing, eloquent story of love and a mountain girl's loyal heart

☆ ONEY CARR, with Old Bull crouched by her side, watched the mule splashing through the Run, carrying her mother to the Settlement.

Already she felt lonely. But there was much to do: gathering the cushaws, cutting the cabbage for kraut, keeping a fire under the apple butter she was stirring. When that was finished, she'd make a birthday cake and redd up the cabin.

Sixteen today. Growed up, she was! And it seemed no time at all since Jess Cowan had told her she was no bigger than a half pint of apple juice.

Jess was a case. He was tall, easy moving, his eyes full of twinkles, his yellow locks sticking out like straw from under his rowdy cap. And he'd never failed to bring her a present on her birthday. Oney wondered what it would be today.

She gathered more brush for the fire. The smoke filled her eyes, but she kept on stirring, and gradually she could make out the sea of flowing curves in the far distance and Grandfather Mountain's nearer verdure. Between was a steaming reek of fog, gradually rising in puffs and drifting off toward the north. But her eyes were held longest by the sparkle of glass in the new house Jess was building on the slope of Grandfather. All around it the frost had touched gum, birch, and dogwood with bright spots of color.

Suddenly the path threading the nearer slope took on life. She could see a familiar figure swinging along, a gun over one shoulder, a jug in his hand. Mink Tarver! But why should he be toting moonshine in broad daylight? Oney looked down at Bull's lean white body, all muscle, his big mouth bristling with strong teeth, and felt safe.

Mink reached the gate at the foot of the yard and opened it without speaking. It snapped at his heels.

Bull rose, a line of bristles along his spine. Oney bade him lie down again.

"Howdy!" she called out, trying to make her voice pleasant. Her gaze took in the newcomer's coonskin cap, his square unshaven face with its thin sharp nose—curving like an eagle's beak—his cat's eyes. What did he want? Why was he grinding his heels like as if he was in a temper?

"Howdy," he said crossly. "What in tarnation do you reckon Jess Cowan's been up to now?" he asked. "He's been a-messin' with my trap ag'in. I baited hit fer a fox. I heerd the creatur yelp, then fust I knowed Jess was goin' over the rise, that thar fox over his shoulder. I'm aimin' to read him a lesson he won't fergit!"

Mink was lying. Oney could tell it by the way his eyes slid past her, the way he was whipping himself into a temper.

"When was that?" she asked.

"Jest an hour ago. I was mad enough to feather into him, but I reckon thar's more'n one way to outrascal a feller."

Oney shook her head. "Why, Mink, that couldn't have been Jess. Look! he's been plowin' yonder since sun-up. I got a soon start; I been right hyer continually a-stirrin' this butter." She pointed off to two figures on the lower slope of Grandfather. Sure enough, man and beast were moving steadily.

She stood before the big iron kettle with seeming indifference. Her hand holding the wooden ladle moved automatically in large and larger circles. All the time she was conscious of the baffled spite in Mink's face. She wished he'd leave. She'd have to tell Jess to look out for him. No knowing what he'd do for pure meanness. She felt the rising breeze lift her dark curls. She saw the last of the furry fog clouds drift clear of the distant ranges. The day was going to be fine.

Of a sudden, Mink's tone changed. He held up his jug. "I'd like to barter this sorghum fer eggs."

"Oh—oh!" Oney took a long relieved breath to think it wasn't moonshine. "We used the last of ourn in the apple butter. Mammy took the eggs to barter fer coffee, but I reckon old Whitey has a nest yonder in the pile of shucky beans. I'll look."

She found nine eggs and Mink put them in his cap.

"Come Monday you can have the rest," she told him.

When he handed her the jug, Bull muttered in his throat.

"Cain't you bid him make friends with me?" Mink asked impatiently.

Oney shook her head. "Bull don't have friends outside we-uns, but he won't bite onless hit's some sorry loafer or—I bid him to."

Mink shuffled his feet. "I'll bet he's friendly with Jess Cowan."

Oney got the cracked pitcher and emptied the sorghum. She'd have to be careful; Mink was looking at her with brittle eyes.

"O' course he'd know Jess. Jess raised him till he was nigh growed."

"Huh!" Mink spat scornfully. "I might've knowed my bitch's pups warn't good enough fer ye."

Oney wanted to tell him that a dog he had owned would make a mighty poor guard, but with fear came wisdom. She looked straight into his smoldering eyes.

"Why, Mink, what'd we-uns do with a houn' dog? We don't never hunt and mammy gets the all-overs when they bay. You should've raised another kind." She tried to smile, but her face felt stiff with dislike.

Mink gave a crooked grin. "I'll be back for the rest o' the eggs." He took a step toward her. "An' say, don't ye listen to that greasy-tongued Jess. He's a-fixin' to wed the black-eyed schoolma'am down to the Settlemint. He orter be swinged fer talkin' sweet to a nice gal like you."

Oney felt the blood rush to her face. She wanted to make Bull run Mink off. The Tarvers were a sorry lot—always pickin' a furse. They had sly, mean ways, and the truth wasn't in them. But what if *this* time it was really so? Jess hadn't asked her to wed him. More'n likely he thought she was still the little gal he'd always given play pretties to—and yet, only last year he'd fetched her one of those glasses that brought everythin' clost. And yesterday he'd said, "Seems 'sif you grow like a Jimson weed; yo're gettin' right purty."

Mink's steady stare brought back her wandering thoughts. She asked:

"When did you ever hear Jess talkin' sweet to me?"

She pretended not to hear his answer. "I got to be workin'. Thar's always a heap o' chores needs doin' come Sat'day." (She wouldn't tell him today was her birthday.) She got the box of sand to scour the floor. She took the bucket from the bench out-

Oney made herself laugh. "I knowed he warn't here. I come to see the foxes."

irthday

side and started for the well. The dog followed at her heels.

"Wal, I'll poke myself along." Mink gave her a sly parting glance which said plainer than words that he meant to court her, willing or not. And there was no mistaking the look he gave Bull—a look so full of hatred it made her shiver.

She'd have to keep the dog close to the house. She'd have to warn Jess to be on the lookout for a laywaying.

Suddenly the glory of the day had turned to gloom. Oney's fears gave truth to Mink's words. The presents Jess had given her were just for a slip of a girl he'd known since she was a set-alone child so puny she seemed hardly worth raising. There was the ridey-horse and cart he'd cyarved from a block of wood, the poppet with real eyes, all dressed up so fine. There was a picture book of animals Jess had bought in Medlin. There were marbles and little images. But it was the long field glass which had brought the mountains so close she felt she could reach out and touch them. It had magicked her whole world.

☆ ONEY filled her bucket with water and brought it back to the cabin. On her knees, she began scrubbing the puncheon floor. Once she looked around uneasily to make sure that Mink had really gone. Yes; his coonskin cap was bobbing down the trail! She watched until it was lost when he branched off toward the Hollow, where the Tarvers lived. Then she knew he was saving his spite for another time.

She finished the floor, glad that the apple butter needed no more attention. It was dark and thick, the fire under it so low only small spirals of smoke showed the big iron kettle was still hot.

While the floor was drying she ran down the shale path to the Run. Along its course she had seen wild flowers. Jess had taught her their quare names. She found gentians and set them off with the yellow of horse balm's bell-shaped flowers, the blue of madweed, the pink of bouncing Bet, the purple of joe-pye weed. She carried a great sheaf back to the cabin and put it in the big calabash hanging near the slab of wood which served for a mantel. Even if Jess had a bound to wed the schoolma'am, he wouldn't forget it was her birthday.

Oney built a fire in the cracked stove that stood in the lean-to. Yesterday mammy had boiled a ham in the big pot. She must have a fine dinner to give Jess some when he stopped by on his way to the Settlement for groceries.

Oney hurried to beat up an apple cake. She flew around, lines of worry between her eyes, her heart fearful.

The cake in the oven, she stood in the doorway and looked through the glass. Clouds, white as cotton, skimmed the farther range of the Smokies. Around Ravens' Cliff the birds were circling in slow flight. Every year they came there to nest and rear their young. It seemed to Oney there must be more than any one could count. Through the clear sunlight of midforenoon, the new house on Grandfather made a bold showing. The windows of real glass looked to Oney like ice crystals on a wintry morning. She sat on the bench by the door for a breathing spell. She remembered how hard Jess had worked logging on the Tennessee to earn money to build his cabin. He'd found wild bees and hived them in the bee gums she could see standing in a row beneath the pile of boulders that looked like an old woman with a crooked nose.

Bull came close and nosed her hand. His broad flat face took on a wise look.

COMING NEXT WEEK

MURDER

with Southern Hospitality

One of the finest mystery stories

LESLIE FORD

ever wrote. Four small-town clubwomen on a pilgrimage to the historic homes of old Natchez are plunged into an amazing and baffling sequence of violent deaths—homicides for which there seemed to be no reason. You won't want to miss this one! Begins in July 19 issue of Liberty

One tooth in his undershot jaw caught on his upper lip. He looked right funny.

"Real glass and paint," she told him. "Hit's a sweet home he's a-makin'."

She pulled down a gourd from the vine above her head. "I reckon Jess would like some seeds to plant around his door. When they're growed they're right handy fer meal an' salt. I'll save him some."

The air was still. At her right, a squirrel chattered in the hickory. Toward the slatted chicken house, a woodpecker kept up a steady tap-tap-tapping for worms. Down the long trail, hiding itself coyly at intervals, no one came or went. Man and mule had disappeared from the slope of Grandfather. But Oney could hear the steady sound of a hammer on the new house. Then even that stopped.

She ran in and took her cake from the oven. It had risen to the top of the tin. It looked dark and rich and smelled of spices. Now if Jess would only come! She whipped up a corn pone and thrust it into the oven. It would go good with ham meat.

Back at the door, she stood and watched. A stirring in the thicket of wild plum where the trail was hidden caught her eye. Presently she saw Jess coming astride his mule.

Oney's heart came up in her throat. It would be a spell before he reached and forded the Run. Likely she'd have time to put on her blue store print and get her hair slicked back.

She took a quick look in the small cracked glass by the door, and noticed the shine in her eyes, how her tangled curls gave her flushed face the childish look she hated. Growed up, she was. Already there was shape to her slender body. Mink had shown it in his sly knowing glances, but she had no marryin' feeling for Mink.

Now she heard a splashing in the Run. She hurried to set the table. She placed the ham in the center, gravy around it (Jess loved pot liquor). A bowl of apple butter, wedges of corn pone, the cake made a feast. She'd eaten nothing since sun-up and the odor of good food made her ravenous.

She looked around the clean room, with its puffy bed, the loom in one corner. Sunlight filtered through the open door and rested on the calabash of wild flowers. Oney stood staring at them, her hands clasped with delight. They were just too pretty! She would tell Jess she minded their names. Maybe he'd speak of the schoolma'am. If he was really going to wed, they had a bound to give him a present. Oney thought of the towels, the length of homespun, the runners of blue and white honeycomb she had woven, hoping— But she mustn't think of it. She must think of his kindness to them and how he could gentle any beast. Honest, too. He hadn't stolen Mink's fox; likely he'd not been near the trap.

And then, just as she was sure he must be coming up the path, Bull gave a joyous yelp. Oney ran to the door and saw the dog trying to climb the worm fence which separated the high yard from the Run. Jess was splashing past, whistling Sourwood Mountains. *He had forgotten her birthday!*

Choking with sobs, Oney turned and threw herself upon the bed. It seemed as if her heart were torn and bleeding great drops that would leave her just a shadow to move all her days in a world of lonely dreams. Love had gone out to Jess and no other human being seemed to matter. How could she get him outen her mind?

☆ AFTER a time, she got up wearily and bathed her swollen face. Mammy must not find her with puddled eyes. She spread a cloth over the food—the sight of it sickened her. She took the field glass from the mantel and went outside.

Grandfather was all shades of green, with touches of rose, orange, gold, maroon. The roof of the new cabin was in a white light, its sides an ocher. It made a right pretty picture with the tumbled rocks rising steeply above it. She could almost see the bees circling around the bee gums. Jess sold his sourwood honey for real cash. That and ginseng made him a right smart bit of money. Jess was the workingest boy! Any one who wed him would have a-plenty; he'd never bring her shame nor sorrow.

Oney's glass swept to right and left, then came back to the cabin. Suddenly she drew a long, startled breath. Someone was slouching around the

(*Continued on page 46*)

Corny Island

A slightly devastating look at a shrine of summer joy

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ CONEY ISLAND, that stretch of sand washed by two parts Atlantic Ocean and three parts watermelon rinds, cheese-sandwich ends, and nibs of hot dogs, persists as the archetype of summer playgrounds for the otherwise largely unwashed masses. There are other such proletarian *plages*, big and small, scattered far and wide throughout Rooseveltania, but none of them is the equal of what has been variously dubbed the Brooklyn Biarritz, the Woolworth Atlantic City, and the Paree of the Frankfurter. It represents in the field of hot-weather pleasure areas what Niagara Falls represents in that of the democratic honeymoon; yet probably not more than five out of the 131 millions of Americans have ever seen, much less smelled it. This treatise is accordingly for the benefit and instruction of the other 126 million.

The experienced five million aforesaid may be divided into three categories. Perhaps 600 thousand of the number are curiosity seekers who, having heard so much about Coney, have gone down once to have a look and, after having had it, have considered their life's work in that particular direction done and have not gone back a second time. Some two million more are of the sort who visit the place once, loudly swear that you won't find them there ever again on a bet, and the next year and each year thereafter annually lose the bet at least once. The rest, or 2,400,000, are regulars and, when the temperature hits ninety, all seem to be in attendance at the same time. These 2,400,000 may in turn be divided into two categories. One hundred and three of the males haven't their shirts open at the neck and wear neckties.

As for the females in the quota, there is no differentiation. All, except for the children and a sprinkling of fresh young stenographers and shopgirls, wear either pink or blue dresses, weigh at least 195 pounds, and have sore feet.

Situated on the rim of Brooklyn, New York, and having a five-mile expanse of bathing beach, boardwalk, amusement parks, side shows, and generally enough dust to drive all the Okies out of Oklahoma in half an hour, Coney is shown by statistics on any hot July or August day to sell two million frankfurters, 200 thousand ice-cream cones, 183 thousand hamburgers, 118 thousand ham and cheese sandwiches, 71 thousand bags of popcorn and peanuts, 24 thousand toy balloons, 12 thousand small felt banners with "Coney Island" lettered on them, and at least half a million beers and soft drinks.

A day's schedule at the resort adheres to a strict formula. Arriving at, say, noon, the male visitor promptly buys a hot dog encased in a white

roll, smears mustard on it with a little wooden paddle, and eats it, washing it down with a bottle of soda pop. After repeating this, he purchases a hamburger, smears ketchup on it, eats it, and downs it with another bottle of the pop. He then rushes into a bathhouse, gets into his bathing suit, and makes hurriedly for the beach by way of getting there before the crowd does. He regularly discovers, however, that the crowd, which evidently ate its hot dogs and hamburgers at eleven, has beaten him to it, and that by this time the beach has left just about one foot of sand on which to deposit himself.

☆ THE divertisements on the beach consist in the following:

1. Eating more hot dogs.
2. Telling the children to go and play ball somewhere else as you don't want your eye knocked out.
3. Trying vainly to edge away from the expansive posteriors of the mothers surrounding you.
4. Flirting with a stenographer or two.
5. Drinking several more soda pops.
6. And trying to find a bit of space in the ocean in which to wet yourself.

All this consumes the better part of the afternoon.

Along toward five o'clock the visitor gets into his street clothes again, negotiates a couple of more hot dogs and maybe another hamburger, and starts looking around for the stenographer he winked at on the beach. Never being able to find her, the fickle miss, he now winks at the first shopgirl who passes him and, if fortune smiles upon him, beseeches the fair creature to join him for a gala time at Steeplechase Park.

This celebrated Tilyou rendezvous the gay couple enter through a large revolving barrel which promptly dejects them on their rears, to the untold delight of the onlookers. Regaining their equilibrium, they now pass through a door and find themselves on a platform before which hundreds of flat-faced young men sit patiently for hours looking at a concealed wind machine suddenly blow the feminine entrants' skirts above their heads. Recovering her social position with a loud squeal, our young miss and her escort presently move off the platform and proceed to a rapidly revolving large disk which sends them both flying off in all directions and makes them so dizzy that when they finally stagger off it they are able to eat only four hot dogs.

Next comes the slide, which projects them through a funnel and again lands them on their already sufficiently tried hinterparts. And so on until they limp out of Steeplechase at 6.30 or thereabout and find themselves again on Surf Avenue. Now, by way of a little refreshment, a few hamburgers and a couple of beers, and a tour of the Japanese rolling ball, cane ringing, and other such prize games along the thoroughfare, with perhaps a side show or two thrown in.

Then, Luna Park.

Although much more fancy and elaborate than most such pleasure parks, Luna is not essentially different. First, our young swain and his lady weigh themselves and through the slot get cards telling them their fortunes. Strangely enough, both seem to be favored by the fates in exactly the same way. Riches await them, and so does a happy marriage, but they both have to watch their health carefully and beware of large investments in gold mines. By now fast friends, with all these things suddenly found to be shared in common, they proceed to have their silhouettes cut out of black paper, and then, upon the young man's observation that his companion looks so much like Ann Sheridan he can't tell them apart, our young couple decide it would be great to take a ride on the roller coaster.

A roller coaster, you need hardly be told, is an amusement device that combines all the best features of a nightmare in which you dream you are in imminent danger of falling off a high cliff, an osteopath who takes pleasure in cracking your spinal column, and having your taxicab bumped into by a freight car. This nevertheless so stimulates the spirits of our young friends that there's nothing to do but try the Shoot the Chutes, which splashes a gallon of water all over them and thus adds to their ineffable happiness.

It is time now for more hot dogs, with some salt-water taffy for dessert, the whole accompanied by more soft drinks. Then—howz about a dance, kid?—and on to Terpsichore. After an hour or so of Terps, at the conclusion of which our friends look as if they had been caught in a Pago Pago week's rain, a couple of glasses of lemonade with a ritzy cherry in each, and out for a stroll on the boardwalk. A stroll on the Coney boardwalk on any warm midsummer night is, however, the equivalent of a leisurely promenade in Macy's basement during a sale of eighty-five-dollar fur coats for ten cents. But our young friends find it has its advantages. You can neck freely without any one noticing you, as every one is jammed so close to every one else that if you don't neck you're likely to be considered a potential pickpocket and embarrassed no end by being hauled off to the gaol.

☆ FOLLOWS a little appetizer of hot dogs and a little apéritif of three or four beers—and ahoy for Cupid's Ride, alias the Love Tunnel! Depositing themselves side by side in a small boat, our couple now glide in ecstatic embrace through dark watery tunnels periodically and startlingly illuminated by papier-mâché spectacles of Mephistopheles Defying the Angel Gabriel and Neptune Rising from the Sea. Just why and how such tableaux are calculated to induce in their beholders an uncontrollable amour is not entirely clear to the professor of human emotions, yet they apparently do. The ride over, our heaven-blessed pair, wreathed in those esoteric smiles vouchsafed only to the young when in the throes of love, are now ready for the subway trip home. The day's schedule for the older and more sedate is much the same, minus the flirtation and the Cupid's Ride.

Last year, one of the big features at Coney was the cooch and strip-tease side show, but this season certain moral elements, determined to make the resort more suitable for what they designate the family trade, have, in so far as they have been able, blackballed them. Having in my professional capacity studied the shows at close quarters, I may say that any one whose morals could be corrupted by them must have a moral quotient of something less than one tenth of one half per cent.

The Coney strip-tease exhibitions, I discovered, were a marked anticlimax to anything you could see on the five-mile beach free of charge. The poor frowzy females who engaged in the art were not only as completely anaphrodisiacal as so many kegs of potassium nitrate but took off fewer of their clothes than the average housewife does when she sits down to a hot-weather roadside picnic. And as for the cooch dancers, all that I laid eyes on indulged in considerably less agitating contortions than any girl on the beach down whose back some card had dropped a piece of ice.

☆ ADJACENT to Coney are two other beaches, Manhattan and Brighton by name. They differ from the mother beach. In the first place, they are more select, which means that they are much smaller and therefore can't hold as many of exactly the same kind of people that Coney can. In the second place, they are embellished with amusement devices on an infinitely smaller scale, which means that visitors have just that much more time for frankfurters, hamburgers, and soda pop. And in the third place, they do not boast Cupid's Rides, which is pretty tough on the younger element. But otherwise they are Coneys in miniature, including the aroma.

Like all good things on earth, Coney and its subsidiary beaches have had their problems. Sometimes in the past the city fathers who look after the public health have concluded that an aberrant sewage contaminated the hither portion of the ocean, and that, accordingly, bathing in a first-class garbage can would be somewhat more salubrious. But by running the sewage pipes halfway out to Bremerhaven the ingenious fathers soon rectified matters and today bathing at Coney and its environs is almost as safe, save for an occasional bang in the mouth by an old floating watermelon, as in your residential bathtub. On other occasions a locust plague of pickpockets has called upon all the wily resources of the police force. And on still others it has been found necessary to haul out the fire departments for miles around to play their searchlights under the boardwalk by way of discouraging the more ardent spooning couples.

THE END

Who is a Patriot?

Who's right? Who's wrong? Some thoughts for a land in which free men may differ

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well.

☆ AROUND this poem Edward Everett Hale wrote that soul-stirring story The Man Without a Country, that tale of angered treason and loyal, heart-throbbing patriotism. We of an earlier generation were given this story to read that we might always, always love our country. Upon our young souls was deeply imprinted the ideal of love for our fatherland—for that is what patriotism means.

It is curious how deep this sentiment is in the human character. For two thousand years the Jews have not had a country of their own; yet they rise to the tune of the Hatikvah. Soil and language tie men together in a bond so lasting that centuries of conquest and persecution fail to break their spirit. Men have freely given their lives for the right to speak the language of their grandparents. A people like the Greeks, often conquered, ever resurge to independence out of heroic love of the land of their origin. It is the force of patriotism which keeps nations alive, which no plea for internationalism has ever been able to repress.

What does patriotism mean to an American? Who is an American patriot? When we think of Nathan Hale and Benedict Arnold, we are certain that Nathan Hale was a patriot and that Benedict Arnold was a traitor. Yet there can be another side to that; for the land was then still an English colony, and Arnold was true to his king, while Hale was a rebel. But we care nothing about such subtleties today. We erect a monument to Nathan Hale; we abhor Benedict Arnold.

Patriotism is not to be measured by the noise it makes. The shouting, braying soapbox orator who, thumping his chest, shrieks his own love of country when denouncing all who differ with him, is not more the patriot because he says so. Nor are his opponents less patriotic because they differ with him.

A young lady once said to me that she did not mind paying high taxes, because she felt that it is a privilege to live in America. That sounds noble and loyal and patriotic. Yet is it? Is a loyal but uncritical attitude of the economic life of the country patriotic? Suppose that, because of high taxes and the great burden of debt, the standard of living of our people depreciates, the character of our government is altered, the nature of our institutions is changed; is it patriotic to fail to criticize, to anticipate? If abject acceptance of the program of government is patriotism, then those who sing to the tune that Hitler pipes are superpatriots.

Today two competing organizations vie with each other for influence among the American people. One is the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies; the other is America First. The programs of these two groups are diametrically opposite. Yet both are led by men of unquestioned fidelity to their country. When they quarrel, they call each other such names as warmongers or defeatists. One side accuses the other of being either British or Nazi propagandists.

Colonel, now Mister, Lindbergh has selected for himself the post of protagonist of one of these groups. He goes about the country making speeches for his side. His most bitter opponents question his patriotism; his

most abject followers regard him as the sole patriot. Here is no question of motive, but a question of judgment. Nobody in his sane senses can possibly believe that, because Lindbergh believes that the British were too late in their preparations and that the United States will not bring up assistance in time, he is a traitor to his country; that he is unpatriotic. Actually, he may be right and he may be wrong. Within a year we shall know. By then England will or will not have been too late, and American supplies will or will not have arrived too late.

At present all this is a matter of observation and opinion with regard to which free men may differ.

Let me cite another example. I would say that any one who supports Communism for America or Nazism for America is unpatriotic. Mind, I do not say that an American who says that Communism is all right for Soviet Russia is unpatriotic. Soviet Russia is none of our business except as it obtrudes itself upon us. The Russians have as much right to their own way of life as we have to ours. If they want to stand on their heads, that is their affair, although it may be our amusement. It is only when they come here and try to make us over that we must resent and fight them. And it is only when some of our own people aid and abet them in their efforts to attack and remake America that we owe it to our country to meet their every move with defensive weapons. It is for that reason that any American who supports or aids them or becomes part of their movement is unpatriotic and must be regarded as an enemy of our country.

☆ DURING the last Presidential campaign it was customary for the opponents of Mr. Roosevelt to chastise him, even in very strong language. Those who favored him regarded such language as unpatriotic because, they said, the office of the President of the United States, if not the person of the President, must be respected. They felt that those who respected neither the man nor his office were unpatriotic.

This was a very novel doctrine in our history. The American people have never been called upon to respect any man or any office. We pledge allegiance not to a man but to the flag, "and to the Republic for which it stands." We may differ with the President, Congress, the Supreme Court, the governors of states, and anybody who holds a job by the grace of the voters and taxpayers, and still be patriots. In fact, the reason why the two-party system is so important in American life is that it guarantees an opposition to those in power, an organized and fighting opposition.

And we know from history that our views of the individual change as the years roll by. For instance, there was a time when Americans thought that William Howard Taft was a flabby, incompetent, and unenlightened public official. Today he and his career are profoundly respected. During the Bull Moose campaign in 1912, men attacked each other viciously and questioned each other's patriotism over Taft. We can see today that one could be a patriot in 1912 and dislike President Taft and even hold him in disrespect, and another could be a patriot while taking a similar attitude toward ex-President Theodore Roosevelt. The men themselves matter little from the standpoint of patriotism; it is love of country that matters profoundly. And the more one loves America, the less likely one is to take an unchallenging attitude toward any official and his acts. An American is never satisfied —and should not be.

The question then is, how do we know that a man is a patriot and not just a flag-bedecked windbag? And do we really care about the man, so long as we know the principles that guide his voice and the ultimate effects upon our lives of his deeds? What is that which makes a man an American patriot?

1. I should say that our first guide to judgment is that neither his words nor his deeds nor the influence which he generates could aid any foreign Power to possess our soil, to change our form of government, or to limit the free exercise of our national will.

Concretely, this means that no American can be a patriot and at the same time subject himself either to a foreign government, to a foreign political or economic organization, or to an international body which may determine his conduct as an American. No one can be a patriot who prefers to obey the policy of Germany, Russia, England, China, Japan, or any other country. Patriotism demands absolute and undivided loyalty.

2. Such loyalty, for an American, is essentially to the Constitution of the United States. Of course, our Constitution may be changed by amendment or even by interpretation of the Supreme Court. Was an American woman lacking in patriotism if she favored suffrage for women before the Constitution so provided? Was a man a patriot who opposed the NLRB before the Supreme Court declared it constitutional?

☆ WHEN we speak of patriotism as involving loyalty to the Constitution, I am sure that what most of us mean is loyalty to the fundamental principles of American life of which the Constitution is a conspicuous symbol. These principles are:

A. This is a democratic republic, in which the government must everlastingly be responsive to the will of the people as expressed by a majority of the people's representatives in Congress without limiting the rights of the minority to self-expression.

B. This is a classless society in which such differences as come among men biologically and socially are temporary and are not permitted to divide society into ruling and ruled classes.

C. This government is a mechanism to carry out the will of the people within specific limitations as set forth in the Constitution; but the government shall not so expand its powers as to destroy private enterprise, equality of economic opportunity, or the right of the individual to own and use private wealth.

D. The essence of a free life is the right of choice on the part of any individual as to his religious belief, his scientific assumptions, his personal, social, and intellectual loyalties. The government must never impair either the letter or spirit of the Bill of Rights which safeguards the individual from tyranny.

A patriot fights for these principles in times of war and of peace. He recognizes that love of country involves a recognition of the rights of his countrymen. The warmonger who would suppress all opposition to his own conception of America's foreign policy is not patriotic, for he would impair the rights of his fellow citizen freely to express his view. The day Congress passes a resolution declaring war, no patriotic American questions the wisdom of the course. Opponents wash their hands of their opposition and become obedient to the commander in chief. That is patriotism. It is the willingness to serve the country once the decision is constitutionally made. But, up to that moment, the individual is free to argue and debate, to join societies and committees. It is no mark of patriotism to be pro-British, just as it is no mark of disloyalty not to be pro-British—because, after all, we are not a part of the British Empire. We are the United States of America.

☆ ON the other hand, if by Act of Congress we became allied to Great Britain in a war, then American patriotism involves loyalty to Great Britain and opposition to her enemies, whoever they may be. Then the test of patriotism is the ability of the individual to submit himself to the common will as expressed by an Act of Congress. But it must be an Act of Congress. A Presidential speech will not suffice. A speech by Mr. Willkie, William Allen White, Lindbergh, or Joe Doak will not suffice. Nor even a resolution by some society, or by the American Legion or a column of great names in a newspaper. None of these means more than personal opinion. It is Congress and Congress alone which can declare war, and only when Congress has so acted does the patriotic American respond accordingly.

Now is the time when it is an absolute obligation on the part of every patriot to scrutinize every policy of government fearlessly, that he may be sure in his own conscience that every step taken, every act, every move will preserve his America for his posterity. That does not mean subservience. It does mean criticism, debate, disputation. It does mean difference of opinion. We can find the truth and save ourselves from costly errors only by remaining a free people up to the very moment of a declaration of war. After that, freedom must and will disappear for the duration of the struggle.

THE END

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Still is the Night

True, tragic, wonderful . . . A beloved author tells a strange story of the war

BY FAITH BALDWIN

☆ THIS is what happened. It is hard to believe. It is true, as sunrise is true, as death is true. It is true and tragic and very wonderful.

Shortly after three on the morning of November 27 of last year the ship Rangitane was attacked by German raiders in the Southern Pacific . . . some four hundred miles east of the New Zealand coast. Among her passengers were a number of the British escorts who had brought evacuated children safely to Australia and New Zealand and were now returning home.

There were three raiders, two sailing under Japanese names and colors and one under Norwegian. When the raid began the Nazi symbols were flown.

Shells screamed, guns spoke, and people died . . . six perished, four women and two men, out of twenty passengers. Many were wounded—men, women, and small children.

Two of the British escort nurses were not wounded. The dead, the maimed, the dying were brought up on deck and transferred to the lifeboats. The British nurses labored over them until at last, leaving the burning ship, they saw the dawn . . . cold, gray . . . over a cold gray swelling sea . . . and the bright flames leaping. . . .

In full uniform, the captain of the Rangitane remained at salute upon the bridge until a boat from one of the raiders came and took him.

The lifeboats were towed to the raiders and sunk. The prisoners were distributed among the raiders . . . which sailed away. . . .

On board one of the raiders a German surgeon, young and capable, worked over the wounded. One of the British nurses had her right arm shot away; part of a thumb and the forefinger of her left hand; and her face was shattered by shrapnel. Once he asked, bending to look in the live, invincible eyes which alone shone from the bandages, "Do you British women never cry?" And she answered, her mouth muffled by the bandages, "Only when we have something to cry about. . . ."

It is on record that he gave her his fruit ration every morning. Fruit was not issued to prisoners.

The men were kept below decks, but the raiders' officers gave up their cabins to the women and set special quarters aside for the wounded. There was food—of a kind. Below decks, very little air. But the children were given their freedom, and those who could run and walk played about the decks, and the crew members were indulgent.

Clothing was scarce. The crew contributed sheets; the women fashioned shorts and shirts. . . . And when one of them woke one morning to realize—how strange, how fantastic! —that it was her birthday, presents were found among the passengers—not alone her fellow passengers on the Rangitane but those already aboard the raider. And such presents . . . a hair clip, and a safety pin, and from the crew a deck of cards.

There were two dogs on the raider, patiently trained by the crew. . . . One of them had had her leg broken three times and each time it had been set by the surgeon. Incredible. . . .

On the twenty-first day of December the raiders landed their prisoners on a tropical island. There were by now nearly five hundred of them, and no more could be accommodated, even in raider fashion. Only the passengers and crew of the ship Tunakina were not released. This ship with one gun had put up a terrific battle in the Tasman Sea in August. Her survivors were not permitted to mingle with the passengers of the other ships when—as they did every day—the raiders met.

It is also on record that when this daily meeting and conference took place between the raiders, the prisoners were ordered below decks . . . all save the children, who were told that their parents had been sent to bed! Such a reversal of the normal procedure greatly charmed the youngsters . . . free to run the decks at liberty while their parents "napped" below.

But very soon the prisoners who

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MENTHOLATUM

had been taken from no less than ten ships would be free—and together . . . on the island of Emirau, ten miles square, two degrees south of the equator, five hundred miles north of the southeast portion of New Guinea.

A little island. Four whites and two hundred and fifty natives . . . all engaged in the copra industry. No radio . . . no means of communication save by cutter to Kavieng, eighty-four miles away.

The prisoners were landed nine miles from the homestead of the white men. . . . But before they were landed the raiders ascertained that water would be available, and they also left stores. Not enough . . . not as much as they had pledged. But stores, at any event.

The day the prisoners were all transferred to one ship for landing, there was rejoicing. . . . Men and women had not been allowed to be together during the long strange voyage. . . . Now they saw one another, were perhaps, in some instances, reunited, father with child, husband with wife, brother with sister. . . .

But some would never return to those who loved them.

☆ THERE were three pregnant women landed on that little island . . . women who bore hope and life under their hearts, women who must have surrendered to a personal, intimate panic which they had not shown under shellfire in the long terrifying nights aboard the raiders. They had been shown consideration by their captors, and when they were landed on Emirau they were sent by lorry to the home of the copra dealers. The others walked.

There would be ample time, the raiders reasoned, for them to land their prisoners on this island without radio and be far away before a rescue could be attempted.

The whites gave their house to the women, and then, with natives helping, constructed palm shelters for the others. The natives were greatly excited at this innocent invasion. One of the British nurses reported that, as the ship approached the island, she could see them dancing on the beach—that is, she saw the bright red pants which were their only clothing, as the brown bodies were merged into the landscape. . . .

The stores left by the raiders were inadequate, and the islanders and copra dealers could not cope with the situation. But there were coconuts and pawpaws, pineapples, roots, and yams to eke out the meager rations.

More important than food was the fact that the Germans had overlooked a cutter, hidden up one of the creeks, which shortly thereafter put off for Kavieng with a group of sailors, to ask for rescue.

But before rescue came it was Christmas Eve.

A group of Polish women among the refugees procured from the island store white calico and the bright red twill—the fabrics worn by the islanders—and from them fashioned, with love, with gratitude, a complete set of vestments for the priest, Father Kelly, who had survived the sinking of the Rangitane and who had been one of the British escorts with the evacuated children.

And so, on Christmas Eve, Father Kelly celebrated Mass on the little island, under a starry sky, for all the people, Catholic and Protestant alike, whose hearts were lifted in thanksgiving.

Can you see this as I see it?

Carrying lanterns, they marched to the tumbledown boat jetty. There, on the jetty, an altar had been improvised. A cross of bamboo, on a plinth of coconut shell. . . . and a Union Jack flying.

Carrying lanterns, they marched . . . through the groves lush with growth and sweet with alien fragrance. The frangipani trees were in bloom, heavy with perfume, those starry white blossoms. The crotons grew tall and thick, bronze and red and green. The wind spoke in the coconut palms with that unforgettable dry rattle, that insistent sighing.

The lanterns shone bravely, and overhead the great stars were clustered like silver grapes, and there was a path of starlight on the water. . . .

As they marched they sang, these indomitable people . . . those who limped, who carried scars; those who carried knowledge of irrevocable loss—and all had known fear and the hot breath of death blowing—and many mourned a wife, a child, a husband, a friend. But they sang. . . .

They sang O Come, All Ye Faithful, and they sang Hark the Herald Angels Sing, and they sang The First Noel. . . .

And so, marching and singing and carrying the lanterns of their courage they came to the altar and to Father Kelly in his red and white vestments, and the celebration of the Mass.

Communion was there for the communicants, with a bread especially baked by one of the young Englishwomen.

☆ SURELY no stranger Christmas Eve has ever been spent . . . and none which could draw hearts more closely together—the hearts of these rescued people, rescued from sea and flame and shell.

Surely the three women who wore approaching motherhood as a shield heard the understanding voice of that other Mother in their hearts; and those who had lost their sons in a horror too deep for tears drew comfort from one who, too, had lost her Son.

The Polish women stood together and sang Still Is the Night. . . .

That rescue came, the world knows. Yet our world here does not, perhaps, know of this Christmas Eve on a boat jetty on a little island . . . a speck upon the map—a tiny tropical shrine of heroism and generosity, faith renewed and courage justified. . . .

So now you know.

THE END

He keeps his skill up to peak by practicing a most amazing trick.

A Secret for Ambitious Young People

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ YOU set out to improve your personality. After a long search you find something to live for. We call that an Urge. It absorbs your interests. You give it gladly your time and energy. But how much time? How much energy?

With Urge alone you'll never reach your goal. Urge is the self-starter. But it isn't the engine. The engine is Drive. Urge without Drive is futile.

"I'm sure I can design wonderful cathedrals. Some time I'll do it."

"If I weren't so busy at the factory, I'd write a novel that would be a best seller overnight."

Watch all such sighers for a few years. They have urges. But all they do about them is to sigh. Oh, well! Hell is paved with good intentions. Good intentions are urges without drive. They are wish without will, dreams without horsepower.

Want a short cut to hell, mister? It goes that way—right over the Bridge of Sighs.

☆ PEOPLE with weak drive often hide their weakness by blowing off steam through the whistle instead of through the engine. They rave over their wonderful dream. They praise their urge. They finally fool themselves into thinking that much ado about urge will get them somewhere.

A few weeks ago I spent an evening with a charming young clergyman. His church irked him. People were so unwilling to work for righteousness.

"I want to bring the kingdom of heaven to earth," he told me.

"How would you go about it?" I asked, and he repeated his dream in a dozen forms.

"I know your dream," I interrupted. "But tell me your ways and means. If you had ten million dollars for the task, what would you do?"

He was embarrassed. We talked all around that question, but he never faced it squarely until I grew rude. I told him that he'd been whooping up his urge but had no drive. He'd been talking but hadn't started anything. He'd just been sighing in public and calling the sighs sermons.

"The kingdom of heaven is taken by violence," said I, "never by elocution. Go violent, young man, and grow up with the angels. Turn off your tongue. Turn on the heat."

☆ BEGIN with sighs. But end in sweat. All drive is violence of a sort. It may be the violence of Winston Churchill as he turned Brit-

BY PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN

Author of Life Begins at Forty

ish guns on the battleships of his former ally, France, to prevent them from falling into Nazi hands. It may be the violence of a scientist who squirts strange poison into his veins just to see what happens. It may be the violence of a reformer who goes around smashing saloon windows.

Drive isn't mere horsepower. In fact, little such is needed for some great aims. A biologist may drive all his life over the microscope to discover and control a disease bacillus. In this drive he may never use more energy than you'd spend in one afternoon of tennis.

Drive is focus quite as much as power. It is design quite as much as it is violence, too. You nozzle all your requisite energies down to one sharp stream and aim the stream carefully. How measure your drive? How know whether it is strong enough?

Here are a few simple tests:

☆ CAN you go lost in your enterprise as completely as in a ripping mystery story?

Can you forget your meals and your bedtime while absorbed in it?

How many things have you dropped cold in order to devote more time, energy, or money to it?

How much time a week have you taken away from such other things to apply to your interest?

While engrossed in it, do you overlook minor discomforts such as overheated rooms or noise or poor food?

As the tasks grow harder, do they discourage you, or do they arouse you to greater enthusiastic effort?

Does the undertaking bore you ever? If so, can you explain away the boredom?

How have you changed your spending habits in order to pursue your enterprise? How much are you now spending on it relative to your cost of living?

Does the matter widen its ramifications as you pursue it further? Or does it remain ever the same?

Do people enjoy hearing you talk about it? Or do they avoid such conversation?

Whenever you find a free half hour, do you take the matter up?

Do you endure with patience the thought that you may have to work on for years before you get the results you most desire?

Do you sometimes turn away from the enterprise altogether, try to forget it, and fill in your time with light pleasures?

Do you master many skills and acquire extra learning by way of building up a broader and deeper background? For instance, if you are studying medicine, do you study the history of medicine? Do you read the biographies of eminent medical scientists?

Do you like to associate with people pursuing the same enterprise? Do you enjoy discussing problems with them?

Do you read all current books and magazines publishing matter concerning the field?

Does your memory seem keener for facts within the field than for ordinary items?

Ask yourself these questions not once but perhaps twenty times a year. Keep records. Notice how you may be changing from month to month. If you notice certain changes in yourself, be prepared to drop your enterprise and take up a new one.

But disregard all unfavorable changes during the first few months of work. These may be caused by unfamiliarity with the matter or by poor methods of work. Slowly you will improve if you are on the right track.

But, after the opening season, drop the enterprise if you can't keep your mind on it but wander off in daydreams about tennis or poker or wild parties or what not.

Drop it if, after long trial, you forget skills and facts you once had mastered.

Drop it if, after long trial, you have to force yourself to take it up after a day's work.

Drop it if you see it is dropping you.

"Everything was all right till the FHA came around and modernized it!"

☆ IF you've picked Something to Live For which is thoroughly serious, I'd estimate that you ought to find about 1,000 hours a year to devote to it, and that you should enjoy every hour, too.

Give much less time to it, and you simply cannot gain many high skills. Practice makes perfect. Dodge it at your peril.

Here's a surgeon I know. Physicians send him their hard cases from all over the world. He can do things no other man ever did. His skill is Something to Live For. How does he keep it up to peak? Go with him on a train ride. Soon he hauls forth cigarette papers and a scalpel. While other passengers sleep or read the funnies or eye the passing billboards, he practices the most amazing trick I ever saw.

Taking a sheet of paper between two fingers of the left hand, he slowly sweeps the scalpel over it. Does he cut a piece off? Dear me, no! Any dub could do that. He cuts just halfway through the sheet. After cutting a dozen or more, he inspects each cut with a pocket microscope. If at any point he has cut clean through a sheet, he scores that as a total failure. The train may jounce and sway, but he goes on swinging the scalpel until he has grazed a hundred or more sheets.

Here's an overworked newspaperman I know well. Years ago he conceived a grand passion for Chopin. He determined to master the music. He had never studied the piano. He had no money to pay for a teacher. So he taught himself, from the five-finger exercises up.

For fully eight years he came home after a day's work, took a shower, then sat down at the piano and drilled relentlessly. He once told me that he had invested at least 10,000 hours in this drill. He'd do it over, too, if he could—only with a few improvements in method. He plays well. Never with genius, always with much sincerity and sure touch.

Here's magnificent drive: A New York attorney, many years ago, ran across an old book packed with strange facts about retail prices of food, clothes, housing, and the like in the ninth century. Every night he pored over it with deepening fascination. Then he saw a great light.

Here was an unknown world. He would explore it. What finds might he not bring back? It was an economic system as far from us as the stars.

He had little money, so he scoured libraries and private collections for source material. One summer he managed to get to Europe. There he lost himself for weeks in the Paris libraries and then in the incomparable Vatican library. By mad chance, at an auction, he stumbled across a rich American collector who took a fancy to him and his new-found Urge. The collector bought up a few costly MSS. on the subject and turned them over to the lawyer for translating.

Just to translate them, the lawyer studied four old languages.

Five years of this, and he had built up a law practice that enabled him to devote more time to the Urge. When I sought an expert to write some articles on early economic systems for the Encyclopædia Britannica, I turned to several eminent scholars in Europe. They promptly referred me to a gentleman in an office only a few blocks from mine in New York City.

There I met the lawyer with the Urge.

☆ YOU'VE only one life. Live it to the full. Unspent energies are a total loss.

People who live the Great Life know this and spend theirs to the last calorie. Those who live little lives, or no life at all, deem it folly to work so hard.

So the world follows the Doers to fresh victories and joys. And it puts the Don'ters to work shoveling garbage and peeling potatoes.

THE END

READING TIME ● 33 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

For a synopsis of preceding chapters see page 36

PART FOUR—IN A ROOM WITH MURDER

Footsteps Behind Her

BY MITCHELL WILSON

☆ MASON was a big man, bigger than Dick, and they hesitated. Jo could hear the girl outside excitedly speaking on the telephone. Her voice was shrill. It was the fact that Mason was so righteous that was so unnerving. Obviously something was wrong, and if she and Dick were whatever he suspected them of being, he was within his rights to call the police.

"Mr. Mason," Dick began in exasperation. He was about to say more, but he gave it up. His face became hard and purposeful, and he let go of Jo.

When he swung, the action appeared to Jo to have a slow, lazy quality. It seemed as though it would take years for his fist to reach Mason's face. Yet Mason, although he moved a bit to one side, was unable to dodge it. There was a dull, squashing sound, and he staggered away with a look of deep surprise. Then Dick opened the door and they were outside.

It must have taken much less time to happen than it seemed, because the girl was still talking. Dick reached over the desk and yanked the telephone from her hands. He hung up the receiver and then lifted the girl to the top of a filing cabinet and kicked away all the chairs in the vicinity.

"Sorry," he said, and ran out, dragging Jo after him. They went down two flights of stairs before taking the elevator. When they got out to the street at last, they stepped into an uptown bus. Not a word had been said all this time.

But Jo was remembering only one thing: her shrinking at the mention of the word police. The misunderstanding, no matter how ramified, was superficially very simple. All that was necessary was to explain that they were looking for a piece of paper; they wanted nothing else from Mason. But the bare reference to authority had put them on the run. They had been in the right, and it wasn't enough. The ordinary guardians of public

Swiftly death strikes in a novel of dark adventure

"Dick," she said swiftly. "Don't stay here any longer. It's dangerous!"

safety were their enemies. The mere sight of a uniform was enough to strike terror to Jo's heart.

"We'll get out at the next stop," Dick said. "Then we'll take the subway out to see Grogan. There'll be no telephone calls this time."

They took an express to Brooklyn. The subway was hot and sticky. Jo thought the ride would never end.

The Laurelton Boulevard section of Brooklyn was one of those regions which had been settled absent-mindedly. As soon as people realized what they were doing, the growth of the region stopped at once. The subway entrance faced an empty lot. There were car tracks on the street, but no sign of a trolley.

Where do we go? Jo wondered. All of her fine intentions were useless. She had promised herself to be of some help to Dick, but the best she could do was to remain silent about her despair. Finding the envelope had become the most important thing in her life—in their lives—and she hadn't much hope that there would be any success in their search. The scene in Mason's office convinced her that out-and-out bad luck would lick them, if nothing else did. And now to come face to face with this desolate imitation of suburban civilization was sickening.

"Do you have any idea where we're supposed to go, Dick?"

He smiled at her, a little feebly, it seemed to her.

"They're somewhere around here. There aren't so many houses that we can't find the right one."

After some false starts they found themselves on the right street. It was made up of two-family brick structures all exactly the same. Even the front stoops were a unanimous dirty white. Near the farther corner they found 1376.

They walked up the steps and rang the bell. They could hear it whining thinly deep inside the house. There were quick furtive movements inside, as though a man were trying to tiptoe across a room in slippers which were too large for him.

"Oh, Dick!" said Jo in despair. "We'll have to convince whoever we meet here that we simply must get that paper. We can't let any misunderstanding come up as it did at Mason's. We might have been able to convince him that we were harmless if only he hadn't said anything about the police. That's the only word that can lick us. Do you think we ought to tell this man the truth and maybe . . . maybe he'll help us?"

Dick turned to her slowly.

"What makes you think he'll believe us, even if we think it's all right to tell him? Besides, it's not as though that piece of paper were harmless. If some one knew what it was, he might either tear it up so that he wouldn't be involved at all, or he might decide to capitalize on it. You poor kid!" he went on. "I wish there were some way to soften this for you, but we're absolutely on our own. We've got to be extremely careful about what we give away. Don't worry," he said, patting her shoulder. "We'll come through all right."

He turned back to the bell, but the door opened suddenly, as though some one had been standing behind it all the time waiting for a propitious moment. Jo recognized the groom's father. He was short and slight, and his pale wrinkled face needed a shave. His dull black trousers were creaseless and hung about his waist with his suspenders at half-mast.

He stared at Jo curiously, then at Dick for a moment, but his eyes returned to Jo.

"Don't I know you?" His voice was cold and suspicious. "Who d'you work for? I just can't place—" Then his face cleared. "To be sure, you're the piano player of last night. Yes, yes." He stood there smiling absently, and then, little by little, the smile contracted. It disappeared at last, and he seemed quite unhappy.

"What did you come to see me about?" he asked.

Dick was on the point of talking, but Jo was quicker.

"It's about your son," she said. "We'd like to know where he is."

Mr. Grogan's glance darted from one to the other, and he made no attempt to hide his wariness.

"Come in," he said at last, and walked away dolefully, leaving the closing of the door to them.

The living room he showed them into could have been bought from a 1915 catalogue. It represented no taste, no personality, but the pieces were as much a part of the house as the shingles on the roof or the battered ash cans in the basement.

Mr. Grogan sat slumped in a plush easy chair.

"My wife went shopping," he said dully. He shrugged. "Women are stronger than men. They take these things much better."

"But last night," Jo said, "you seemed so happy."

Dick had put the prosecution in her hands.

"Last night?" Mr. Grogan shook his head skeptically. "Last night was a year ago. Today I'm a broken man—disillusioned." His smile was that of a man made tolerant by suffering. "What else could you expect from a man named Maugham Mason? It's like Cromwell. You know, my people never took any stock in this trouble in the old country, but for the first time I've come up against English craft." His voice rose and he shook his hand before him as though he were weighing a cup. "I'm a ruined man—robbed, practically; the father of a poor hoodwinked boy!

"It's not as though I ever stood in

(*Continued on page 50*)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

☆ JO LANG, dismissed from her job as a music teacher in Hickok, Nevada, with a fanfare of unpleasant publicity because of a misconstrued incident involving a cigarette and a sixteen-year-old pupil who was in love with her, meets Dick Stowe on an eastbound transcontinental bus. He is an aviation engineer on his way to the New York office of his firm. He gives Jo his address when she gets off at St. Paul and she writes it on the flap of an empty envelope that fell out of his bag. An elderly couple who have become friendly with Jo continue the journey with Dick.

Her business finished, Jo takes a plane that reaches New York in time for her to meet Dick's bus. To her surprise, he does not get off at the terminal. The old couple do, but they look through her as though they had never seen her before. Then suddenly she notices that the old man is carrying Dick's bag!

She follows him and sees him give the bag to a mannish-looking woman who gets into a taxi with it. She tries to reach Dick on the telephone, but he has not arrived at the New York office of the Corbus Company.

From then on terror and danger stalk her. She feels she is being constantly followed. Playing the piano at a wedding that night with a trio organized by Ann Cabrini, a fellow lodger at her roominghouse, Jo is given a drugged drink by a large stout man. Before she is overcome by it she sees the old woman of the bus bending over her. She comes to the next morning in her own room, and discovers that the place has been searched. What for?

She rushes to the Corbus Company and finds Dick. He tells her that the envelope on which she wrote his address was, unknown to him, very valuable. On it, in invisible ink, was a secret design for an airplane part. He says that the old couple were after it and, after Jo left the bus, the old man decoyed him to a hotel, chloroformed him, and took his bag. On his arrival in New York, he told his superiors that Jo had the envelope and they have set the police on her trail. He does not want her arrested. If she will just give him the secret plan, he will take it to his office.

Jo remembers with horror that she tore off the flap with Dick's address on it and gave the envelope to the bridegroom the night before when he wanted to make a note. Dick and she rush to the bride's father, a Mr. Mason, to find out where his son-in-law is. Mr. Mason, who seems not to care very much for the man his daughter married, accuses them of being parties to a blackmail scheme and tells his receptionist to call the police.

"You'll explain this to an officer," he says, planting himself before the door.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

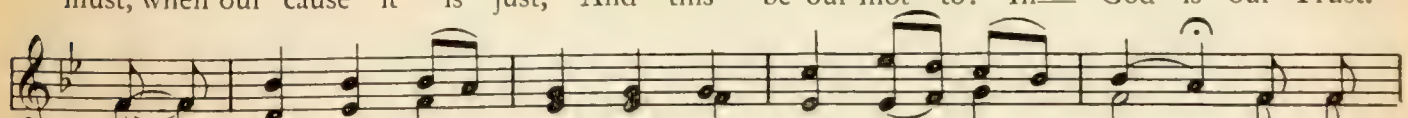
Words by Francis Scott Key *Music by John Stafford Smith*

1. Oh,— say! can you see— by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty
3. And— where is that band who so vaunt-ing - ly swore That the hav - oc of
4. Oh,— thus be it ev-er when— free - men shall stand Be - tween their loved

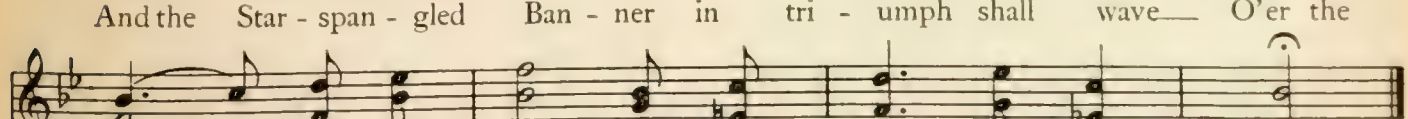
hail'd at the twi-light's last gleam-ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous
host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing
war, and the bat - tle's con - fus - ion, A——— home and a coun-try should— leave us no
homes and the war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res-cued

fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing? And the rock-et's red
steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the
more? Their— blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pol - lu - tion! No— ref - uge could
land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion! Then— con-quer we

glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now— shines on the stream.
save— The hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot - to: "In— God is our Trust."



Oh,— say, does that Star - span - gled Ban - ner— yet— wave— O'er the
'Tis the Star - span - gled Ban - ner, oh, long may— it— wave— O'er the
And the Star - span - gled Ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave— O'er the
And the Star - span - gled Ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave— O'er the



land——— of the free and the home of the brave?
land——— of the free and the home of the brave!
land——— of the free and the home of the brave!
land——— of the free and the home of the brave.

HURRICANES, TAKE OVER!—Continued from Page 13

"Scud at ten thousand," said the box. "Lowering over QZ— Head wind coming home, but no ice, sir."

"Good. Be with you in a moment, Davies."

He jabbed at the toggle. His eyes narrowed as he turned to the letter.

. . . It made war seem so horrible. You see, dad, it isn't cowardice. It's a different sort of fear, something that's been growing in me for years. . . . And besides, I took an oath one day I'd never go to war.

You don't know about that. I was too afraid you'd be cross with mother, so I never told you. I went to a meeting in London with her one day and at the end I signed a pledge never to go to war. I mean to keep that pledge, dad. You've always boasted that no Galen ever went back on his word. . . .

The wing commander bit his lip. She'd always been mucking about with some group, league, or committee—anything, so long as it was against war. He'd humored her, for he felt that some of them were sincere in their aims. He had heard of the oath and laughed it off, never dreaming that when the hour came an Englishman would even hesitate.

. . . I've thought it over for a long time, dad. I suppose I could resign my commission and become a conscientious objector. It's for your sake I'm not doing that.

So there you have it, dad. I've tried to tell you what is in my heart. I hope I have fixed it so folks will think I had an accident. I may be wrong, but I am doing what I believe to be right. Please forgive me for making such a proper muck of things.

PETER.

The wing commander's face grew taut, hard, as he struck a match and held it to the letter. The bridge between himself and Peter burned on the ash tray. In those writhing bits of charred paper lay his ambition, his very soul.

☆ THE winter passed reluctantly, as if it knew what spring would bring. While soldiers hibernated and grew soft in million-dollar crypts along the frontier, Peter played the piano in a tawdry little Brussels café. Some nights, as he made his way to the dingy little room he called home, his keen ears caught the thrash of props high in the wintry sky. He would stand for hours, shivering, waiting for their return. Then he'd listen, his nostrils quivering, hungry for the scent of Castrol. He counted. If a ship was missing he'd wonder if it was one of his dad's command. His thoughts would linger on his father whom he had hurt so sorely.

May came. And with it, warm days, cloudless blue skies, black star-studded nights. The earth seemed to yearn for peace. But the stew of hate boiled over. Nazi Panzer divisions poured over the border and spread like a malignant growth. The skies were dimmed by the smoke of conquest. Explosions flared along the horizon like summer lightning. The storm rumbled closer and closer to Brussels.

In the van of the blitzkrieg came rumors, ghastly tales, grist from the propaganda mill in Berlin. "Brussels is to be treated like Rotterdam. Stukas will come like locusts. . . . Thirty thousand civilians killed in thirty minutes. . . . No, forty thousand. . . . Ten thousand children smashed by dive bombers. . . . Escape! . . . Evacuate! . . . Take to the roads! . . . Make for the coast!"

The refugees from terror swept onto the highways in an endless stream of frightened, snarling humanity. Into the tide drifted Peter Galen. In joining the struggling horde, he became another cog in the Nazi scheme, added his bit to the confusion aimed at blocking the main arteries over which the Allies might bring up reinforcements. It was not fear that put him there; simply an Englishman's distaste for the prospect of being cooped up in a concentration camp. Despite everything, Peter was still an Englishman.

The roads were cluttered from ditch to ditch. Thousands slogged along on foot, pushing or pulling their scanty possessions in carts or barrows. Sleek sedans, battered roadsters, ancient taxis that wheezed and rattled fought the jam. Fat horses, skinny horses clopped along pulling carts, moth-eaten victorias, hacks, hayracks, anything that could carry a load.

☆ IT was sunset. Peter, weary and hungry, dropped out to rest a moment by a crossroad. He was watching a pair of British Quads trying to snake field guns through the choked junction, when a snarl like a buzz saw gone berserk came out of the west. He saw a Heinkel and leaped for the ditch beside the road and threw his arms up to protect the back of his head. Tracer crawled around him. The roar of motors mingled with screams as the pilot zoomed to let his rear gunner get in a burst. He couldn't miss. The milling mass was a perfect target.

Then the Nazi came around for another run on the crossroad. This time he dropped a single 250-kilo egg, a leftover from Dunkirk. The bomb fluttered straight to its objective and let go. Peter pressed himself into the sod as stone, dirt, and clods of bloody debris thunked around him.

"*Jésus! . . . O Jésus!*" somebody wailed. "*O . . . Jésus!*" The cry rose in a harrowing crescendo, then gurgled into silence. For a moment the stunned survivors were mute. Presently an agonized requiem rose into the gathering dusk.

Peter was on his feet as the rattle of the machine guns drifted across the field. A Spitfire was swarming out of the sunset.

"Get the swine!" he bellowed. "That's right. . . . Zoom. . . . Get the Hun in the dustbin. . . . Come up, half roll. . . . Now barge in before they get set. . . . A long squirt. . . . That's the ticket. You got it, you got it! A flamer!"

A blossom of flame bloomed along the Heinkel's fuselage. It grew until it enveloped the ship from nose to rudder. It zoomed crazily, hung in a stall as if trying to find balm in the cool evening air before it plummeted to earth. A moment later it had a column of stinking black smoke for a crepe.

☆ "WON'T frighten us any more, will they?"

It came from nowhere at first, a child's voice, still choked by the rush of events. Peter glanced down. He had not been conscious of the hand clinging to his. She looked up at him, her tousled hair thrown back, her face streaked by dust and tears. She might have been four, maybe six or seven. Peter was no judge.

"Nasty, aren't they?" she said. "Look, Dolly is wounded. Arm is bleeding sawdust. You can fix it, can't you?"

For a moment he was too surprised to speak. Then he stooped in front of her. They were carrying a stretcher by. It held something he didn't think a little girl would want to see. "Where did you come from?" he finally demanded. "Got a name?"

"My name is Joan father calls me Jo," she said swiftly. "He's a doctor in Brussels he and mother stayed Nanna is taking me to stay with Auntie Helena until the Germans are chased away. Hate them, don't you?" She took a deep breath.

Peter smiled. "You're not in a briefing room. Slow up."

"But don't you hate them?" she persisted as she tried to stem the flow of sawdust.

Peter's eyes went hazy, narrow. He glanced at the writhing skeleton of the Heinkel. The skin tightened along his jaw.

"Where's your Nanna?" he asked quickly.

She tried to smooth her rumpled dress. "Nanna is always getting herself lost. Lost herself in Brussels every day. So I suppose she's lost again."

A woman touched Peter's arm. She nodded toward something being gathered into a blanket, then glanced toward the child.

"What color dress did your Nanna have on?" he asked.

"Gray, with a cape," she replied. "Always fussing about it getting soiled. Worried about how she would look when we got to England."

Peter bit his lip. The gray dress was more than soiled now. Jo's Nanna was past fretting about her appearance.

"Let's look down this way," he said. He kept an overturned Quad between them and the thing on the blanket.

"Why bother?" Jo said. "She always finds herself. . . . What's *your* name?"

"Peter," he answered.

"I like that," she chuckled. "I have a bunny named Peter. He's a gentleman, so I expect you are. Would you mind dreadfully if I asked you to carry Dolly? . . . Why did they shoot at us?"

Peter shook his head as he took the doll. "Don't know," he said quietly. "No idea it would be this way."

Jo kept chattering. He heard very little of what she said as he moved through the crowd. His mind was suddenly buzzing with thoughts that had never been there before.

Then she tugged at his arm. "I'm tired. If Nanna doesn't find herself pretty soon, you will have to tuck me in. Slept under an upset lorry last night."

His suddenly acquired responsibility appalled him. He tried to find somebody to take over. He pleaded, he begged. He could not bribe, for he was stony. But no one cared about taking on another liability.

F. E. RECHNITZER left college in 1916 to drive an ambulance in France. Later he flew with the Royal Flying Corps until he was shot down behind the German lines. After the war he barnstormed, was an aviation editor, covered a Mexican revolution from the air. Finally he turned to writing air stories.

☆ PETER sloshed his aching feet in the water. Jo sat on the bank sopping bread in a can of milk. It was all he could scrounge. The chunk of bread was a gift, the milk stolen.

The night had been worse than the others. The invaders had gained terrific momentum. Shells screeched over them like a continual string of express trains. Peter was worried—not for himself but for Jo. He toyed with the idea of cutting south, toward Paris. From there he might get in touch with her parents.

A movement in the field across the brook caught his attention. What appeared to be bushes was moving. A plane emerged from under a camouflaged netting. A Hurricane was being wheeled across the stubble.

"Look, Jo!" he said. "A flying field."

They turned the nearest plane. He could see the markings: Two white bars, the cocard, then an X.

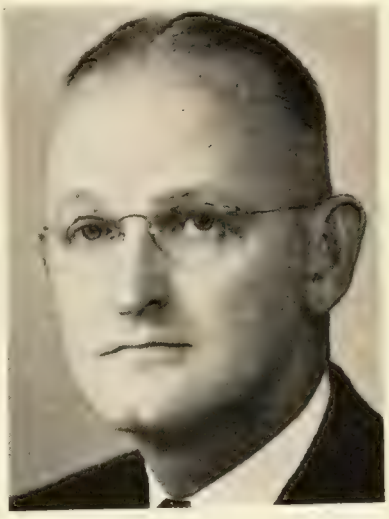
"It's my squadron, Jo! Used to fly one of those planes." He tried to hide the excitement throbbing in his veins. His eyes lighted. They were starting the Merlins. Every fiber in his body vibrated as the props began to tick over.

"Then why don't *you* go up and chase these nasty Germans away?" Jo leaned forward eagerly. "If *you* were up there they wouldn't dare shoot the people on the road."

Peter drew his legs up and hid his face against the tattered cloth covering his knees. His heart kept time with the chug of the motors. He looked up as the pilots needled soup to the thirsty cylinders. Then he turned his face away. They were about to take off, and he was afraid he would recognize the markings he once carried. A stranger would be at the controls, some pilot who had refused to listen.

"I . . . I can't, Jo," he finally said. "You wouldn't understand."

Her eyes widened as she looked into his haggard unshaven face. She reached out and laid her hand on his arm. "Are you afraid? Did you run when they came?" she whispered.



Peter leaped to his feet. His fingers clenched and unclenched at his side. "Yes, I ran away. Not that I was afraid. But because . . ."

His words were smothered in the thunder of wide-open motors. They came hurtling out of the clouds, a tornado of death. Six grim Junkers 87s in a power dive. Their objective the little airdrome.

Sweeping Jo up on his back, Peter leaped into the brook and ran for the stone bridge. The first 550-pounder let go with a jolting blast. He heard the Junkers coming around. The observer was spraying everything in sight. A spate of bullets lashed the water as he stumbled under the arch.

"We made it, Jo," he panted. "We made it."

Mortar sifted into the water as the bombs mauled the field. Machine guns yammered upstairs and he knew the Hurricanes had returned.

Then he saw it. A ripple of pink in the water swirling between his legs. "Jo!" he cried. "Jo, are you all right?" He twisted, but he could not see her. A shivery panic caught hold of him as he turned and splashed his way into the open. As he laid her gently on the bank he saw it. That first burst had caught her. There was nothing he could do.

"Swine!" he snarled at the Junkers. "Murderers! Look at what you've done." His finger trembled as he pointed to Jo lying there with the rag doll crumpled at her side.

The last of the Junkers banked and started for home. Peter put the doll in his pocket and picked her up. "Won't leave you, Jo. I'll find a place that's safe from their snarlers."

With the body cradled in his arms he started down the road. To the others he was just another who had lost a child. They simply shrugged and let him by.

He had no idea how far he carried her. There was a hazy recollection of a Sister of Mercy standing at the gate of a bombed hospital. He had reluctantly placed Joan in her care. Then once again he was sucked into the maelstrom of bewildered refugees.

☆ HE finally reached the dunes. Back in his mind was a nightmare of wailing shells, cursing troops, flares, the stink of explosives, and the crackle of gutting flame.

He sat slumped against a smashed tank somewhere between Malo and Dunkirk. Bodies lay in grisly windrows on all sides. The grim harvest of hate littered what had once been a beautiful beach.

The planes were there too. They filled the skies. Stukas, Dorniers, Heinkels, and Messerschmitts.

"When are they coming to take us off?" Peter heard the question asked on every side. He knew there were boats out there, for lamps had been winking in the night. As it grew light he saw them.

A weird armada. Anything with a bottom that didn't soak up water like a new wick bobbed on the shell-churned Channel. There was everything from snobby yachts to frowzy fishing dories. Peter watched a paddle steamer lying close in, its decks aslant, fast on a bar. He recalled boyhood thrills when he used to wangle a shilling out of his father for a ride around the harbor on one of those splashing craft. To him it had been the epitome of adventure.

But it was the men on the beach who held his interest, filled him with pride. In long twisting queues they stood as calm as if waiting to buy a ninepenny ticket to the cinema. With death crashing around, they silently sought their turn in one of the smaller craft already shuttling between the beach and the ships lying farther out. They were English. He was English, yet he knew he did not belong. He had traded his right to be one of them for a puerile oath.

They had marked him sitting there with a one-armed doll clasped in his dirty fist. They catalogued him as another "queer 'un," another refugee with a brain warped by the holocaust.

During a lull Peter's ears caught the sputter of a throttled motor, the swish of an idling prop. He turned to see it come in over the dunes, wabbling as it banked. With flaps full down it leveled off and settled on the beach. The plane was a gray battle-scarred Hurricane. The pilot struggled weakly with the hatch and then slumped back.

His weariness seemed to drop away as Peter leaped to his feet. He was

across the beach and up on the wing, yanking at the partly open cockpit cover. When he looked in he saw that the pilot's flying suit was a mass of swashy red.

"Got me back there," the pilot said weakly. "Didn't want to crash, so I set her down."

Troopers helped lift the wounded man from the cockpit and laid him on the trampled sand.

"Got to stop them," he snuffled. "Got to hold till Fighter Command can send help. Only three left in squadron. Five bandits pop up for every one we knock down."

Peter glanced at the Hurricane as he unstrapped the lad's helmet. He leaned close. "How's the ammunition?"

"Tank an' belts full." The lad brushed his hand across his lips. He stared at his smeared knuckles. "Just got off . . . Came out of the smoke. Didn't even get a squirt at 'em. . . . Got to hold . . . Depending on us."

Peter leaped for the Hurricane. He dropped into the seat, adjusted it for height. He snapped on the safety harness. It was loose. He forced the doll between his body and the webbing. That did it. He unbraked and hit the throttle.

"Strike me pink!" one of the astonished troopers exclaimed. "The bloke wif the doll is a pukka pilot. Lookit 'im lift 'er off."

Wheels up, rudder and elevator tabs trimmed, the note of the Merlin on key, Peter scrambled into a climbing turn. He adjusted his flap mike and plugged in the jack. A salvo of static kicked up a fearful row.

As the beach dropped away, something lifted from his heart. The mingled odor of high octane and Castrol cleared his mind of bitter memories. They slipped away at better than 300 miles per hour.

Stick back, he clawed for the dishevcled scud. He could see the full expanse of the amazing panorama now. Dunkirk in flames, the mole crowded with troops, blasted by Stukas as they crawled on board a waiting mine sweeper. Up the strand a column of tanks and lorries were being trundled into the water to form an emergency pier. The long scrawling lines of men, like armies of ants on the sand. Ships scurrying back and forth, weaving to evade the hail of shells and bombs.

☆ HE snagged his first one over the mole. A Junkers beetling through a surge of smoke, nose down, diving brakes lowered, its prop drilling at the crowded jetty. For the first time in months a smile came to Peter's face. It wasn't a pleasant smile. Stick forward, then over. Throttle wide open, he lunged at the Stuka. He waited as the gap lessened. Had to be miserly with his .303s. The black-crossed wings swelled, filled the ring until he could see the rivets. The observer was blazing away at short range. Bullets snickered by as his thumb hit the button.

The Hurricane shuddered when the eight Brownings woke up. The needle on the air-speed indicator dropped back a few notches. For a split second the two ships were welded by a curving line of tracer. The Nazi tried to pull away. The hurriedly released bomb slid from the fork. It missed the mole by a hundred yards. But the Junkers smashed in much closer.

There was no feeling of elation. Neither was there pity. Peter forgot that word on the road to Dunkirk. He glanced at the doll as he leveled off.

"One for you, Joan," he said.

"Ronny's got a girl. Ronny's got a girl," somebody was laughing into his earphones. "Been holding out on us, haven't you, Ronny?"

Peter ruddered over the mole. He wondered who Ronny was.

"Ronny!" The voice was insistent now. "Right rudder, or you'll stop a packet. Messerschmitt's trying to get on your tail. Gate it. Joan'll miss you if you don't. Right rudder, quick!"

The word Joan registered. He was being mistaken for the pilot back there on the beach.

Peter slammed on full right rudder as the guns chorused behind him. Skidding madly, jammed tight against the side of the pulpit, he saw the close-woven web of tracer skitter past his wing. The Nazi was already away, curling around for another go at the Britisher.

Before he could complete the turn the Hurricane came hopping after him. He saw it, then it disappeared. For one awful second he knew exactly where the single-seater was. Slugs were knifing through the floor boards. "*Ach Gott!*" was all he had time to say before he crumpled over the controls.

☆ "TICKED that one proper, Ronny," the chuckling voice said. "Now, about the girl. Where'd you meet her—Piccadilly, or are you a shelter hound?"

Peter saw the other Hurricane now. A grin flashed across his face. It was good to have some one ragging him from another pulpit. Felt as if he was one of them again.

"Just a mo, Ronny," shouted the other pilot. "Here's a Messer looking for a bit of a gambol. Watch my tail for me. . . . Yoicks . . . a tallyho and away we go!"

Peter saw the Hurricane tangle with an ME-109. It was all over before he got there. The Nazi job was in flames.

"Is she a blonde, Ronny?" His earphones grew confidential. "I like . . ." The voice was cut off by a sputtering cough. Peter looked over his shoulder to see a Junkers spray the lurching Hurricane.

"Only two now, Ronny, you an' Newsome." The voice was muffled now, like somebody trying to talk through wet cotton.

Peter closed in. "Hit bad?" he shouted anxiously into the mike.

"Proper packet," the stranger replied feebly. "Regards to Joan." A hand lifted. Then a gob of black smoke smothered the cockpit.

Peter's teeth clicked as he half rolled and came down on the tail of the Junkers. A two-second squirt did the trick. The Nazi crate just seemed to fold up and then plummet into the Channel.

That was when the men on the beach began to notice the Hurricane swarming over their heads. It was a welcome sight after the Nazis' complete mastery of the air for so many days. For a moment they forgot their own miseries and cheered.

Peter's hour had come. He was all over that little corner of hell, weaving, feinting, dodging through Nazi formations, folding them back over the inferno of Dunkirk. Ribbons of bullet-sheared fabric fluttered from his wings. His instrument board was a shambles of battered dials and shattered glass. Blood trickled down the control column from a gouge across the back of his hand.

☆ "JUST a few minutes more," he prayed. "They're coming. I hear them."

Across the Channel the Fighter Command hurled ships into the air. He could hear the frenzied chatter of the pilots winging toward the pillars of smoke marking Dunkirk.

A Messerschmitt 110 split the air to the north of him. Its blunt nose poked straight at the old side-wheeler waiting for the tide to hoist her out of the muck. White faces looked up to watch the plane that held their doom.

Peter curled in behind the twin-engined fighter. His thumb poised over the button. The observer was already slamming tracer between the dual rudders. Blazing needles embroidered his wings and fuselage. But Peter held his fire. He had to be sure.

The moment came. His thumb hit the button. But empty belts muted his guns.

Down, down the Nazi thundered, with Peter riding his tail. Bullets pinging around him, his thumb still cuddling the button, he kept his eyes glued to the wavering rudders.

Something clawed at his shoulder. One foot was knocked off the rudder. He tried to put it back, but it wouldn't go. A searing flame ripped at his head. A crimson blur wavered before his eyes. He brushed at it with his hand. There was salt in his mouth. He made funny noises when he breathed. It was wet and warm inside his mask. Blazing things, like fireflies on a binge, danced around the cockpit.

A touch put the nose down a point. It was perfectly timed. The sky seemed to rip to bits as his prop gnawed at the stabilizer root. Elevators and rudders closed like a book and then fell away. The astonished observer flung another burst at the Hurricane and then climbed out.

Peter fought for control. His motor wanted to crawl right out of its mounting. He pawed blindly for the

switch with his right hand. His left was useless.

"Didn't get the ol' paddler," he half choked. "Safe now. . . . See them coming out there."

They came slashing out of the west, guns yammering, as they spread over the beach. Peter was glad they were Hurricanes.

He cleared his throat. "Hurricanes, take over!" he shouted. "Tails up, bandits down!"

"Right you are," a couple of them yelped as they needled a pair of Heinkels. Peter grinned as the Nazis twisted out of the war.

The beach was coming up at him, much too fast, blurred by that throb-being veil of red before his eyes. His brain was doing nip-ups. Memories unraveled from a tangled skein. His mother . . . the letter . . . crossroads . . . Joan. . . . He felt for the doll. Still under his safety belt . . . bleeding sawdust again. . . . There was his dad in the garden. . . . Funny! He was ordered back to duty that day too. . . . Lot of work in the garden when he got home. . . .

Peter shook his head. His vision cleared enough for him to level off. He fought to hold it.

The battered Hurricane touched, then slithered along the wet sand. The incoming tide began to lap at a wrinkled aileron.

They lifted him out and placed him on the slanted wing.

"Fine job ye did, laddie," a corporal said as he wiped red flecks from Peter's lips. "'Twas a show Jerry won't be fergettin' fer a long time. Neither'll we."

"Like weeds," Peter smiled. "Had to be destroyed so good ones can live."

His grip tightened on the doll. A bit of sawdust oozed between his fingers and rolled down the wing.

An officious major elbowed through the wondering soldiers. He wanted Peter's name. But Peter Galen had no more use for a name.

☆ THE story of the unknown pilot and his reckless daring swept across the Channel. Every returning boat brought a new angle to the tale of the lad who had appeared on the beach dressed in tattered mufti and carrying a one-armed doll. Of how he crawled into a Hurricane and practically singlehanded held off the Jerries. His last words were repeated in reverent awe, and soon he was known as the Weeder. There are those who saw him die on the crumpled wing of that Hurricane. There are others who insist he is still on patrol. They'll point to a winged prowler tumbling out of the night like a meteor run amok and say, "The Weeder's got 'imself anuther 'un."

It's a proud smile that lights Wing Commander Galen's face as he listens to the legends of the Weeder. He remembers that day in the garden. And he knows that as long as there are weeders, there'll always be an England.

THE END

A good time spoiled for Cora

Cora needs a laxative. But she's got "a big date" to go to the beach for a day's outing.

"How can I risk taking anything at this hour?" she asks herself. "Better wait till tonight," she decides.

Cora has a dull time of it. Drearily, she watches her escort enjoy himself with other girls while she holds her heavy head and wishes the day would end.

Lots of fun for Mabel

Mabel needs a laxative. She's going to the beach, too. But her mother says,

"Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning." She knows Sal Hepatica is speedy.

Mabel is full of life, the smash hit of the beach. Sal Hepatica worked quickly, gently.

By the time she was in her swim suit, Mabel was ready for action and fun.

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

Unusual food, a change of water, a new routine and—first thing you know—holiday pleasure is threatened. You need a laxative.

No need to lose vacation playtime—if you keep speedy Sal Hepatica handy.

Sal Hepatica usually acts within an hour. Acts in a natural way, by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract—without discomfort, irritation, or griping.

Small wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica.

Besides acting promptly as a laxative, sparkling Sal Hepatica does a lot to counter-

act excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

On vacation . . . or at home . . . whenever you need a laxative, take *speedy* Sal Hepatica.

SAL HEPATICA

When Your Eyes Are Tired DO THIS

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSES · REFRESHES

... MAN ALIVE you're HALF DEAD!

That's the title of Dr. Daniel C. Munro's great masterpiece on health. This eminent physician offers the most encouraging outlook ever given to those who suffer from wrong eating habits.

This amazing book of over 200 pages will open your eyes. The doctor doesn't ban a cocktail before dinner or a cigarette after. He helps you and makes life worth living by showing you what, when and how to eat. He answers the questions of over and under-weight dieting. If Your Health is Worth $2.00; Get This Book!

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In Columbus THE NEIL HOUSE
DeWITT OPERATED

Liberty's $2,000 Cash Prize HISTORY OF OUR FLAG Quiz

☆ THE five questions about the History of Our Flag appearing on this page bring to a close another Liberty patriotic quiz contest. When you have answered them your set of thirteen weekly quizzes will be complete.

In preparing your entry for presentation to the judges, please read the Rules carefully. Make sure that your full name and address is plainly written or printed on either the first or last sheet of your entry. Do not prepare an elaborately decorated or fancy presentation. Ornamentation of this nature will have no bearing on the final rating your entry will receive. Simplicity is best. Concentrate on accuracy. There have been no "trick" questions propounded in this contest. Each has been presented as simply and directly as possible.

If you have any spare time before the closing date, check over your answers to make sure that you have them exactly as you want them. Once they are mailed, corrections will be impossible. Because of the volume of work entailed in judging a contest of this size, Liberty cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

The judges will undertake to establish the winners with all speed compatible with absolute fairness to every contestant, and prize checks will be mailed without delay at the conclusion of judging. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty after results have been handed down by the judges.

The closing date is July 12, 1941. Be sure to get your entry in the mail on time. We hope that you have enjoyed and benefited by this contest as much as we have in presenting it. Happy winnings!

FLAGS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY CHART

So many enthusiastic letters of favorable comment have been received on the Flags of American Liberty Chart that Liberty will gladly fill orders for them as long as the limited supply lasts.

The chart is sixteen by twenty inches and shows in seven colors sixty-six of the flags which have flown over our land since 1000 A. D. Each has a brief description of the circumstances under which it was displayed. This beautiful chart, suitable for framing, is worthy of an honored place in every home or school. Copies will be shipped prepaid in a substantial tube for 25 cents in stamps or coin. Send your order to the address in Rule 8.

THE RULES

1 Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated July 12, 1941, Liberty will publish a set of questions about the flag of the United States.

2 To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath.

3 Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when your set of thirteen question coupons and requisite answers is complete. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.

4 Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

5 The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

6 Entries will be judged on the basis of the accuracy and logic of the answers submitted. Brevity will count. Use only sufficient words to state your answers clearly.

7 On this basis the best entry submitted will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded $250, $100, and $50 prizes, in that order. The five next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 210 next best will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

8 All entries must be submitted by first-class mail, addressed to Liberty, United States Flag Quiz Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. No entry will be acknowledged or returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

9 To be considered, entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 12, 1941, the closing date of this contest.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG ★ QUIZ No. 13

1. Describe briefly the shield of the United States.
2. When carried in a procession with another flag, or flags, what should be the position of the flag of the United States?
3. Upon what United States flag of authority does the shield of the United States appear?
4. How can you distinguish a first-class battleship, U. S. N., from a cruiser or other lesser craft by means of its pennant?
5. Which, in your estimation, is the most interesting point of information that has been developed directly or indirectly in this contest, and why? Answer in 100 words or less.

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THE RISE AND FALL OF JOSEPH SCHENCK

Continued from Page 19

film more fascinating than any he had ever seen in a motion-picture theater. It was the film of his entire life, unreeled in his mind's eye for the first time since he had left Rybinsk thirty years before. He had traveled far since then. He recalled that his mother, now in New York, blind and nearing the end, had hoped that he would some day be a great doctor. He had talked with her before sailing and she had seemed disappointed when he had told her that he might retire and take things easy. He had always felt that he had let her down by not becoming a doctor, success though he had been. She had always worked hard; so had his father. And so he couldn't quit and take it easy, even though he wanted to. He knew that now, if he had never known it before.

The Russian trip wasn't to amount to much from a business standpoint. Joe Schenck found himself in the land of his birth, lonesome for his wife and for activity. He sent this cable to an associate in New York:

FOR GOD'S SAKE START CABLING ME IMMEDIATELY ABOUT ANYTHING JUST SO I CAN KEEP OCCUPIED UNTIL I AM READY TO LEAVE. WHAT I SAID ABOUT RETIRING PLEASE FORGET. I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND.

The dream house was ready late in 1922. There were open fireplaces in the living room, dining room, library, and card room. The sun parlor, large enough for a small dance, was done in Japanese wicker. Norma's boudoir had a carpet of violet, walls of pale green and flesh, and French furniture of lavender inlaid with scrolls and pastel-shaded flowers. The canopy over the bed and the drapes were orchid and lavender, and the silk bed sheets of pale lavender.

If ever the expression "one big happy family" fitted any group, it fitted Joe Schenck, the three Talmadge sisters, Buster Keaton, and Peg and Fred Talmadge, the parents of the actresses, back in 1922 after Joe built his wife this house on Hollywood Boulevard. Mother Peg and son-in-law Joe, by this time as thick as thieves, to quote Norma Talmadge, were expending all their energies overseeing the Constance and Norma Talmadge pictures. Within the Law, Ashes of Vengeance, Smilin' Through, Song of Love, Secrets, The Only Woman, Kiki, and Camille were in the celluloid cards for Joe's wife, while Constance was to make such box-office hits as Romance and Arabella and East Is West. The third sister, Natalie, was never very active in films; she was to bear Buster Keaton two sons who were to consume most of her time.

Fred, the father, was taken along to be a property man in the studio where his daughters' films were turned out, and Fred alone of those making the pilgrimage from New York was none too well pleased with California. He used to spend much of his time talking to the electricians about the days back in Brooklyn and about Uncle Wilbert Robinson and his Dodgers.

Fatty Arbuckle sailed from San Francisco on a world tour, and Joe Schenck saw him off. As Fatty walked up the gangplank, Schenck noticed for the first time how much overweight he really was, and he decided then and there that he would never allow avoirdupois to get the better of himself. He began, in his early forties, a system of rigorous physical training that he pursues to this day. He began walking from his home to the studio, almost five miles. He wore long woolen underwear, so that he would arrive dripping with perspiration. Then he would take a plunge and a shower, jump into fresh clothes, and begin the day's work, sometimes as early as eight o'clock; and often he would work until midnight, when he would walk home. He began to play golf about this time, too, but he was none too proficient at it.

Will Hays sanctioned Arbuckle's return to the films in December, 1922, but a storm of protests from such organizations as the General Federation of Women's Clubs caused "the traffic cop of the movies" to reverse himself. Fatty didn't realize it, but he was through. In later years Joe Schenck managed to get him a job as a writer and director of short comedies, under an assumed name, and Arbuckle eventually made a few two-reel subjects in which he starred. But the public had by that time forgotten about him, and he never caught on again.

☆ SID GRAUMAN, the diminutive Pacific coast theater operator with the great shock of wild gray hair, came into Joe Schenck's orbit shortly after Joe arrived in California. Sid operated the Chinese Theater in Hollywood, and his stage prologues were often better than the pictures shown. A close friend of the Big Three of the day—Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, and Doug Fairbanks—he introduced Joe to Doug and Mary and renewed Joe's old acquaintance with Chaplin. The Big Three little dreamed that they would soon be working for this naturalized Russian from Manhattan. One of the first things Joe did upon becoming acquainted with Doug and Mary was to buy a place next to theirs at Laguna Beach. While sunning himself on the sands, Joe was busy attending to his future by making valuable suggestions relating to the professional lives of his neighbors.

There were many poker games at the Schenck beach house, participated in for the most part by boys who had long been old hands at the game. Sid Grauman, a novice, in-

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Try a big beaker for breakfast, and as an afternoon pickup or bedtime nightcap. You'll feel fit all day.

Keep it always on hand. For variety try Florida canned orange juice and orange-grapefruit *blended* juice. Packed under many fine labels.

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A simple way to remove the dull, drabness of your complexion and reveal the lighter, lovelier skin tones. Just use Mercolized Wax Cream as directed. Its active ingredients help to flake off the older, darkened surface skin in minute, almost invisible particles, revealing the fairer, younger-looking underskin. SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. PHELACTINE DEPILATORY removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

In this design, the wings flutter when the card is opened.

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Animated GOLDEN BELL GREETING CARDS - They Move

• SEE THEM AT YOUR 5 AND 10 •

sisted upon sitting in, and many a time Joe Schenck would keep a session going for two days in order to win enough to pay off Sid's losses. Finally he decided to teach Sid a lesson. Sid himself has told me about it.

The two sat down by themselves to play until one of them had won $30,000. Joe had the cash on the table; Sid was putting up his sumptuous co-operative apartment and everything in it. By dawn, Schenck had won the apartment. Sid said nothing, and went home to get some sleep. No sooner was he in bed than two men appeared at the door. They wore derbies, chewed dead cigars, looked tough, and displayed deputy sheriff's badges. They had come, they announced, to take over the apartment on behalf of Mr. Joseph M. Schenck. Sid was a little man, weighing perhaps 110 pounds soaking wet, and he was no match for the visitors when they declined to permit him even to dress.

Grumbling, he flung a flamingo-hued dressing gown over canary-yellow pajamas. Then they drove him fifty miles into the California wilderness and shoved him out of the car. When he finally got back to civilization, sore in more ways than one, and called the producer, Schenck laughed and said, "It's all a joke, Sunshine. I don't want your apartment—but let this be a lesson to you to stay out of big-time poker games in the future."

Joe's gambling was not confined to poker. He bought a piece of property on Signal Hill, not far from Los Angeles, and sunk an oil well. The well came in to the tune of 15,000 barrels a day. It was named the Buster Keaton Gusher.

The year 1924 was to be another outstanding one for Joe Schenck. He had been so successful as an independent producer of the Norma and Constance Talmadge and the Keaton pictures that Doug and Mary and Charlie and D. W. Griffith, then the industry's top-flight producing director, who had five years previously formed a company called United Artists as a releasing medium for their product, invited him to become chairman of the board of directors.

☆ THE new chairman immediately launched elaborate expansion plans. He brought over the Talmadge sisters and Keaton, and he snatched from the Hollywood heavens such bright stars as Gloria Swanson and Corinne Griffith; also John Barrymore, and an erstwhile landscape gardener named Rudolph Valentino. Such outstanding producers as Samuel Goldwyn and Morris Gest also came into the Schenck camp. United Artists became far and away the world's outstanding movie-producing and -distributing organization.

Joe's mother was now in her eighties and had become blind. She had remained behind in New York with other children. Whenever Joe got the chance, he went back to spend a day or two with her. Norma Talmadge often accompanied him on these trips, which marked the infrequent occasions when he was not too engrossed in his business affairs to pay attention to his wife.

In 1925 he added banking and charity to his other enterprises. He purchased a controlling interest in the Federal Trust and Savings Bank of Hollywood and put Doug Fairbanks and Sid Grauman on the directorate, and he became head of the Motion Picture Relief Fund of America. "Joe Schenck," Sid Grauman told me, "this same man who today faces prison on a charge of cheating the government, was the man who put charity on a big-time basis. Doug and the rest of us were cleaning up money faster than we could count it, back in 1925, but we had never considered charity seriously. We gave a hundred when we could just as well have given a thousand. It was Joe who whipped all of us into line and told us that we would have to start giving in accordance with our earnings—and, the next thing you knew, any charity drive that Joe was connected with cleaned up ten times as much as it had formerly. Joe always set the pace by digging down in his own pocket."

☆ JOE was having his private heartaches and headaches along with his successes. He had pictured many deathbed scenes in pictures he had produced. Now he was to participate in such scenes in real life. The first was when Fred Talmadge, the father-in-law for whom he had a genuine affection, passed on. Joe was the only one in the room when Fred died, and it was Joe's sad duty to break the news to the family.

Connie Talmadge was much in the news, following her divorce from Pialoglou, the Greek tobacco man. Subsequently she had been reported engaged to William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr., New York millionaire socialite; John Charles Thomas, the opera star; Buster Collier, the actor; and Clifton Webb, the musical-comedy dancer, among others. Then, in February, 1926, she was married to Captain Alastair Mackintosh, late of His Majesty's Scots Guards.

Joe Schenck had an idea the second marriage wouldn't last—and it didn't. Constance was to be married a third time, to Townsend Netcher, a Chicago department-store man, and this marriage, like the previous two, was to end in the divorce courts. Joe held to the belief that this sort of publicity was going to hurt Connie at the box office, and it certainly did her no good, for she eventually passed from pictures.

Buster Keaton, too, was frequently driving Joe to aspirin, although Schenck was very fond of him. The frozen-faced one was having frequent front-page altercations with his wife, Natalie Talmadge. At about the time of Connie's second marriage, Natalie left Buster, and he put a whale-oil lamp in a window of his estate as a welcoming beacon for her. The lamp was out the next night. Natalie was home—but not for good. During one of her subsequent departures, she divorced him.

Norma often talked with Joe about her sisters' marital difficulties. "It's a good thing we're so much in love, isn't it?" Joe would say.

"Yes," Norma would reply. "Divorce will never part us."

In August, 1926, Joe and Norma were visiting Hiram Abrams, president of United Artists, at Poland Spring, Maine, when word came that one of Joe's biggest stars was at death's door in a New York hospital. Again Joe was alone in the room with the patient when he spoke his last words: "Don't worry, chief; I'll be all right."

Joe's face was wet with tears when he left the death room. "Rudy has made his last picture," he told newspapermen. "Valentino is dead."

Not long afterward he received news of the death of Hiram Abrams. He was named to succeed Abrams. Now he began still further expansion. He organized the United Artists Theater Circuit, Inc., a chain of twenty prerelease de luxe movie houses in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Seattle, Louisville, and other key cities the country over.

"Up to that time," he has told me, "no picture ever ran longer than a week at any theater anywhere unless it was road-showed—that is, playing only twice a day at advanced prices. I had the idea that if we took the Pickford and Fairbanks pictures, for example, and ran them for two or three weeks in one house, we would have a real show window for our product. Thus the films would acquire the popularity and prestige that was due them. I had seen the folly of yanking a good picture after it had played a week just because that was the custom, when as a matter of fact there was enough business for a two- or three-week run. The plan was revolutionary but an immediate success. I was operating on the same principle that my brother Nicholas and I had employed in our amusement-park days. We'd leave a concession in as long as it turned a profit."

☆ ONE night in October, 1927, Joe and Norma went to the movies and held hands, as was their custom. They witnessed the first full-length talking picture ever made—Al Jolson in The Jazz Singer. "By the end of the picture," Norma Talmadge told me, "both my husband and I were speechless. I think I was the first to find my voice. 'What do you think of it?' I asked. He said, 'It's a fad. Talking pictures won't last after the novelty has worn off. I'll give them a year."

In August, 1928, when he returned from a trip to Europe, his mind had not changed. "Talkies," he told ship-news scribes, "are a passing fancy. They simply can't last much longer." For once in his life Joe Schenck was dead wrong in guessing what the public would like.

Later that same year, Irving Berlin visited his old friend in Hollywood.

The two were talking over old times. "Remember the day you asked me to talk to Norma and find out if you had a chance with her?" asked the song writer.

"Yes," answered Schenck, "I remember it very well. I wish that day were back again."

"What's wrong, Joe? Aren't you and Norma getting along?"

Schenck shrugged and changed the subject. For some time now, he had sensed that all was not as it had always been with Norma. One morning at breakfast, shortly after the conversation with Berlin, she seemed preoccupied. "Lambie," she said, "I'm in love with another man." She looked at him levelly, but he avoided her gaze.

"Who is it?" he asked at length, still not looking at her.

She told him the man's name.

Then neither of them said anything for several minutes, and the eggs and the coffee grew cold. It was he who spoke first. "I can't blame you," he said. "I'm not handsome, and he is; I'm no longer young and I've never been exactly romantic, while he is both. Why, Child"—and now he looked at her for the first time since she had spoken—"you are the most priceless possession I have ever had, and it's my own fault that I've lost you."

"That's wonderful of you to say that," said Norma.

"No, it's just common sense. I'm trying to put myself in your place and see your side of it. I've neglected you in a hundred different ways. I've been so busy working for you that at times I've completely forgotten about you. I know how a woman appreciates the little things—the things that I insist upon in love scenes in my pictures. She wants to be told that she is loved—not just once in a while but constantly."

"That's right," said Norma.

"And when her husband is away she wants to know that at least he is thinking of her. She wants phone calls and telegrams and flowers and letters. I've been so busy putting those things in pictures I've neglected them in life."

"Then you don't hate me?"

"Why should I? I created circumstances that made you no more able to help falling in love with another man than you could help getting hungry." Miss Talmadge has told me that his voice was not raised in the slightest. "What," he asked, "do you want me to do—give you a divorce?"

She was so overcome by her husband's behavior under the circumstances that she began to cry. "No," she said; "let us put a face on it for a while and see if this other thing doesn't pass over."

"I'll do anything you want me to, Child," he said. "I'll give you my name for as long as you want it, if it will be any protection to you."

She kissed him and hurried tearfully from the room.

The Schencks put a face on it. They appeared together at Hollywood first nights, went through the motions of being what they had long been—one of filmland's happiest couples. But the word soon got around somehow, as it does in Hollywood, that they had reached the parting of the ways. Now, if the United States Treasury Department doesn't love Joe Schenck, Hollywood does and always has. And Hollywood decided that the break-up must be Norma's fault, not Joe's. As a result, former friends of hers began to cut her. One famed hostess made a teacup remark: "I will never invite Norma to another party in my home."

Joe Schenck heard about the remark, and he sought out the woman who made it. "Look here," he said. "If I hold no grudge against Norma, neither should you."

One day in October, 1929, Sid Grauman, Irving Berlin, and Joe Schenck sat in Doug Fairbanks' steam room at the United Artists Studios. "I'm cleaned out," said Berlin. "I lost every cent I had in the market crash."

"Me, too," said Grauman. "What about you, Joe?"

"I'm practically flat," said Schenck. "I was no smarter than the rest. I've lost millions."

Then he went on to say, "I'll make it all back. What about a game of golf?"

Just how did Joe Schenck set about "making it all back"? What opened his eyes to the fact that the talkies were more than a passing fad? Then how came he to go in so dynamically for organized charity and welfare work—and, later, how came the Treasury Department to begin checking up on his income-tax returns? All this and much more will appear as the inside story of his rise and fall is concluded in Liberty next week!

You can't trust your eyes—or your lights
WHEN "OILY FILM" CLOUDS YOUR WINDSHIELD
NIGHT-TIME IS ACCIDENT-TIME!
Remember, 2/3 of the fatal accidents occur after dark. Don't let a dirty, film-fogged windshield lead you into danger. Keep the glass *clean* with Bon Ami Cake.
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BON AMI CAKE
for windshields
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A HUSBAND FOR HER BIRTHDAY Continued from Page 24

building—peering into the windows, trying the doors. Mink, of course, the hound at his heels! His furtive, dodging movements showed he knew Jess was away. There! He had vanished in the thicket of cedars. What was he planning to do?

Oney held the glass to her eye until her arm felt numb. When she decided he had followed the trail that circled the mountain and gone on, she saw him climbing the steep slope above the cabin. In his hand was a long pole.

"How quare he acts!" she told Bull. "What kin he be up to?"

A minute later she saw him poking and prying at the foot of the pile of boulders that looked like an old woman. What on earth? *Then she knew.* The recent rains had softened the clay until it was fairly greasy. A loosened boulder would roll down and more than likely smash the new cabin. Horrified, Oney forgot her own troubles. At all costs, she must save the cabin.

☆ SHE ran into the house and hid her field glass. She closed the draft to the stove and pushed the coffee pot to the back side. Then, with Bull at her heels, she flew down the bare sloping yard and on to the Run. She wouldn't follow the trail where it was open. Seeing her coming in such haste, Mink would hide and wait until she had gone. She pushed through matted dewberries and ground ivy, then around the rim of a salt lick and a spongy bank where bergamot, smartweed, and peppermint sent out strong odors.

"Hurry! hurry!" urged an inner voice. "You'll be too late."

What would she say to Mink? She'd have to be mighty cunning to fool him. Plans kept milling through her mind. Only as a last resort would she tell him she knew his designs. Better to outclever him. But what if she failed to make the last steep grade before Mink had loosened the rocks and one came crashing down! Already she was a sight, her face scratched, her hair tousled, her store dress muddied.

Now the new cabin was just above her. Through the laurel she could see Mink still poking and prying. The sight made her heart stand still, her whole body tremble. Mink mustn't know she was spying on him. There was one way she could warn him. She got her breath back and began to sing in a sweet but thin soprano:

"As I went down in my old field
I heard a mighty maulin'.
The seed tick was a-splittin' rails,
The chigger was a-haulin'—"

On the last line, Oney came out in plain sight and looked up at Mink. She saw him stop short, astonishment, confusion in his face.

"Howdy!" she called. "My, but hit's slavish walkin'. Have you seen our pieded cow? Lately she's a great notion of runnin' off."

He shook his head. "I heerd a bell over yonder." He pointed to a ravine which would hide her view of the rocks. His voice sounded cross.

"I'll bet you've found whar the foxes are denning," she told him. "Are thar any little ones? I never did see one o' them *little* fellers. I've heerd they're right cunnin'. Seems like I seen a daddy fox makin' for the rock house back thar." She nodded toward the Hollow.

"Jess ain't hyer," he said pointedly. "You come all this way fer nothin'."

Oney made herself laugh. "I knowed he warn't here. I come to see the foxes. I got a glass I can view the whole range with. I seen you a-workin' to git the foxes out, an' I reckoned maybe you'd give me one fer a pet."

"O. K. Now let's mix 'em up."

She saw that Mink was startled. He fastened on her a look of suspicion.

"Huh? Yo're plum light-minded. *Pet!*" He spat the word out angrily. "If gals ain't the beatin'est!" He started to descend. "I've heerd o' them glasses—a furrin feller had one. I'd like to see yourn."

"When you come for the rest of the eggs, I'll show hit to ye," she promised. "Hit makes things picture plain. I can spy the least varmint on Grandfather. I can make out the hunters, the ravens' nestings on the cliffs."

His eyes were sharp and sly. He started to say something, then stopped.

Oney sighed. "I'm sure tuckered, an' all for nothin'. You aim to keep everything you find, even to a little fox cub. Well, *keep* 'em!" She turned as if offended.

"I ain't found one—yit," he said.

"Come on, Bull," Oney said quickly. "We've got to find that cow critter." She plunged into the laurel in the direction of the Hollow. After a few yards she wormed her way back to where the foliage was thin and she could make out if Mink had returned to his devilment.

No. He stood in front of the bee gums, staring at the trail.

She waited until he seemed satisfied she was gone. The sun was getting well toward the west, but she decided to stay right there close to the trail until she knew what he was going to do. If he climbed up to the rocks again, she would show herself and openly accuse him.

Tense and trembling, Oney stood rooted to the spot, hardly breathing. Mink was looking all around, and it came to her that he would hurry to accomplish his purpose while her back was turned. She must do *something!*

Suddenly, before her eyes, the smaller boulder (the old woman's nose) toppled and fell with a crash into the bee gums. Once it turned over. Then it lay almost touching Mink, who had jumped back in time. If it had only knocked some of the meanness outen him! thought Oney. But such sorry fellows always got off free.

Then she saw him start to run, swinging his arms around his head wildly. He was fighting something—*The bees! A whole swarm was after him!*

Openmouthed, Oney watched him dodging to right and left, a trail of curses following his stumbling flight.

With winged feet she started homeward. One cloud had lifted. There would be a home for whoever Jess wedded.

At the gate she saw his mule—tethered to a flying limb. He stood in the doorway, frowning anxiously. When he saw her coming, his face cleared.

"Hi thar, little gal! Whar in tunket you been? I was gettin' plumb scared the big bad wolves had got ye. Do you mind hit's yore birthday? I been cl'ar to Medlin fer yore present."

Oney dimpled. Jess hadn't forgotten her. But first she must tell him her news.

"Wal, I 'low hit's no more'n justice," he said later. "Messin' with things that don't belong to a feller never got him anythin' but grief. Now I reckon Mink'll keep his face home fer a spell. Why, I never let a fox outen his trap. Hit was a pore little houn' pup—one of his own. But, shucks, we ain't got time to fool with sech sorry fellers as Mink."

☆ JESS stalked into the cabin, and Oney followed — walking on clouds of rose and gold.

"I put yore present right atop that thar weddin' cake," he said, reaching for a small white box. "Hyer hit is!"

With trembling hands Oney tried to open it.

"See, thar's a little spring." He pressed it and the cover flew back. From its white nest he took a band of gold and held it between thumb and forefinger. He took her hand and spread it out on his great paw, his rugged face lighting with a tender smile.

"Jest little bitty things," he said, slipping the ring on her finger, "but big enough to wrop around a feller's heart an' hold him fer life."

THE END

BEVERLY HILLS' Movie Guide

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT

You can anticipate an avalanche of preparedness pictures. In fact, two have arrived. Whether you are pro-help-at-any-price or pro-isolationist, you will find them both amusing. The better is Bob Hope's funny fable of a movie star with a fantastic fear of firearms. The celluloid luminary falls in love with a colonel's pretty daughter, plots to have himself rejected when he goes through the motions of applying for enlistment. The scheme backfires, Don Bolton finds himself a rookie in a training camp.

Bob Hope steadily advances as a film farceur. The result here is fast, flip, frequently hilarious, particularly when the movie star becomes driver of a training tank and later is inducted into the parachute corps. Funniest incident: Hope, on kitchen detail, cleaning a fish, finds a Vote for Willkie button inside.

You will hardly recognize Dorothy Lamour without her familiar sarong and in today's frocks. A young newcomer from the Broadway stage, Eddie Bracken, shows genuine promise as the star's stooge and handy man, also inducted into the service.

Paramount couldn't get an army cantonment or borrow a tank. Uncle Sam was too busy. So the studio built a training camp at the Paramount Ranch, hired an "army" of more than 400 rookie extras. The tank problem was harder to solve. Finally Paramount was able to buy a discarded ten-ton cavalry tank chassis from an Indianapolis company for $6,000. Sheet-metal superstructure was added at the studio for $2,500 more.

Wise-cracking Bob Hope suggested a better title for this swift comedy. His was Tanks for the Memory.

★ ★ ★ IN THE NAVY

Not so long ago those comics Bud Abbott and Lou Costello appeared in a song-and-laugh film, Buck Privates, which turned out to be one of the few real money-makers of the last six months, to the amazement of everybody concerned, including, I suspect, the producers, Universal Pictures. It proved, among other things, how desperately America wants to laugh. Now Abbott and Costello are back again as burlesque gobs in another topical comedy musical with a lot of the same ingredients, including the boogie-woogie music of the young song-writing team of Raye, Prince, and De Paul. Your Beverly Hills isn't a boogie-woogie votary but, if the public liked Buck Privates, it will like this.

Dick Powell plays a radio crooner, weary of national adulation, who disappears—and signs up as a gob. In no time he's involved with Abbott and Costello, as well as a pretty newspaper camerawoman who is trying to get Dick's picture and thus prove he's the nation's lost but adored Russ Raymond of the air waves.

Abbott and Costello indulge in a routine of broad comedy antics which, if you are an Abbott-and-Costello fan, must be hilarious. Powell sings, the Andrews Sisters contribute such boogie-woogies as Gimme Some Skin and Hula-Ba-Luau. Claire Dodd is the camera girl. Universal built two of the largest sets it ever constructed for this. One shows part of the Honolulu Royal Palms Hotel grounds, the other reveals 600 feet of a battleship.

Abbott and Costello came up the hard way. Twelve years, mostly in vaudeville, without creating much of a ripple until they were discovered and radioed by Kate Smith. Then—crash!—and they were famous. They are doing a burlesque cowboy comedy now for Universal, after which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer grabs them for a revival of Rio Rita. In brief, they've arrived.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Major Barbara, Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna.

★★★—Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

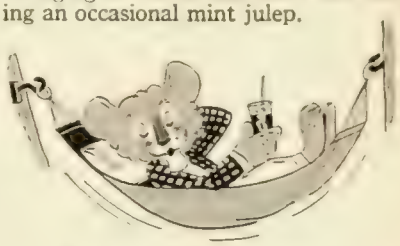
Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Boy, we're tired of the old high-pressure salesmanship. None of this hurry hurry hurry stuff for us.

★ ★ ★ ★

We're relaxing during the dog days. Swinging in our old hammock and taking an occasional mint julep.



Yes, we're willing to talk but campaigning is out. Our voice is soft, cooing, mellow.

★ ★ ★ ★

Especially since we're just going to drop a hint about two great films that are getting their final editing at those streamlined M-G-M studios.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Lady Be Good." One is an unusually gripping drama, the other an unusually rippling musical. Opposite, but twin, poles.

★ ★ ★ ★

Victor (GWTW) Fleming produced "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the famed Stevenson yarn. Of course, he had no talent to work with—only Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman and Lana Turner.

Director Fleming

★ ★ ★ ★

It is something to write home about, this Spencer Tracy interpretation. Or if you *are* at home, it's something to write away about. Mark our words.

★ ★ ★ ★

And "Lady Be Good." Nobody in that one either. Only Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Robert Young, Lionel Barrymore, John Carroll, Red Skelton, and Virginia O'Brien.

Norman (Comedy) McLeod has directed.

★ ★ ★ ★

We told you to mark our words about "Dr. Jekyll." Mark 'em as well about "Lady Be Good."

★ ★ ★ ★

We won't have to eat them.

★ ★ ★ ★

Even though we like alphabet soup.

—*Leo*

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People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

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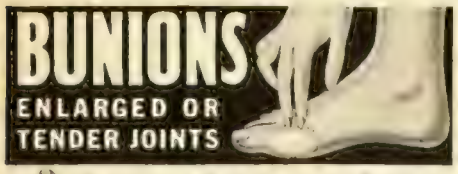
Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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NEW *Super-Soft* Insist on genuine Dr. Scholl's!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

THE GIRL WHO WASN'T PHOTOGENIC

Continued from Page 15

However, the old high-school try at histrionics had started something that even Hollywood's "You're not the type" couldn't stop. Martha didn't know it then. She still thought she was going to be a schoolteacher, and went on to the University of Michigan. She got her A. B. in 1934 and dutifully taught school for six months. But the more she taught, the more she thought, and the more she thought, the more she knew she would never be a teacher. At Ann Arbor she had spent more time in the university show shop than in the university library. She had acted, propped, understudied, and scenery-painted. She knew where she belonged. So she packed herself off to Chicago to get a job on the stage.

She landed behind a counter in Mandel's department store. Then she heard about a summer season of stock at the Jessie Bonstelle Theater in Detroit, so she bussed back to Michigan and landed behind the counter in Crowley-Milner's department store.

Finally she got a break. Her old coach at Ann Arbor, Thomas Wood Stevens, became production manager at Bonstelle's. Then he and old B. Iden Payne, afterward director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford on Avon, conceived the aforementioned idea of mixing hot dogs and Julius Caesar at the Chicago Fair—and our Martha was on her way.

When she had saved up $150 out of Shakespeare, she lit out for Broadway and landed a job in a radio serial. The Career of Alice Blair—that was the name of the soap opera—kept her alive after Our Town closed and while Hollywood was making up its august mind as to whether she was the "type."

Radio didn't bring her a fortune but it brought her a husband. In such private life as is at present permitted her, Martha is now Mrs. Carlton Alsop, wife of the director of Alice Blair, and they live in one of those ranches in the valley with a Scottie dog named George and a horse named Red Ember which she won in a lottery.

As for her immediate professional future, it is set. Right now she is on the Columbia lot doing a thing called They Dare Not Love with George Brent—well, you know what I mean—and they do say that she is really being allowed to wear smart clothes.

"Modernizing Martha" is the slogan of the day. And they may get away with it—on the screen. But offscreen, Martha isn't likely to change much.

She still eats oranges in bed, takes off her shoes and stockings in the house when her feet hurt her, strikes a match on her thumbnail, wears checkered blouses and slacks, and remains quite the best example I know of a girl succeeding in Hollywood although normal!

THE END

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip is a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

CHRISTOPHER STRANGE, by Ruth Eleanor McKee.

Young lawyer and his scholarly father from Emerson's loftily literate Concord are accepted as intimates by sprawling, gracious old Spanish family of landowners in the turmoil of gold-rushed California in the 1850s. The confluence of two widely divergent behavior patterns makes a novel which, if it may not pop with excitement, is consistently interesting.

The Plan of Rudolf Hess to Divide the World with England

Continued from Page 11

terested? Well, Germany was the land power and Britain the sea power: let Germany retain her army and abolish her air force, and let Britain retain her navy and air force and abolish her army, and Germany could dominate the European continent and defeat Russia, while Britain herself would be safe from air attack and in a position to dominate naval approaches to the European continent. Germany was to have a free hand in Europe and against Russia as her price for saving the British Empire from annihilation. Nazi trade in South America was to be financed by British capital.

Fantastic? Not too fantastic for a Nazi mind like that of Hess, who was mixed up with the mystical atmosphere of Hitler's entourage, including astrologers and soothsayers like Hanussen and Krait. Like all Nazi leaders, Hess, it appears, was completely out of touch with real values in world affairs. Deceived by German propaganda, he constructed for himself an entirely false picture of conditions in England, and deduced British war weariness from German war weariness.

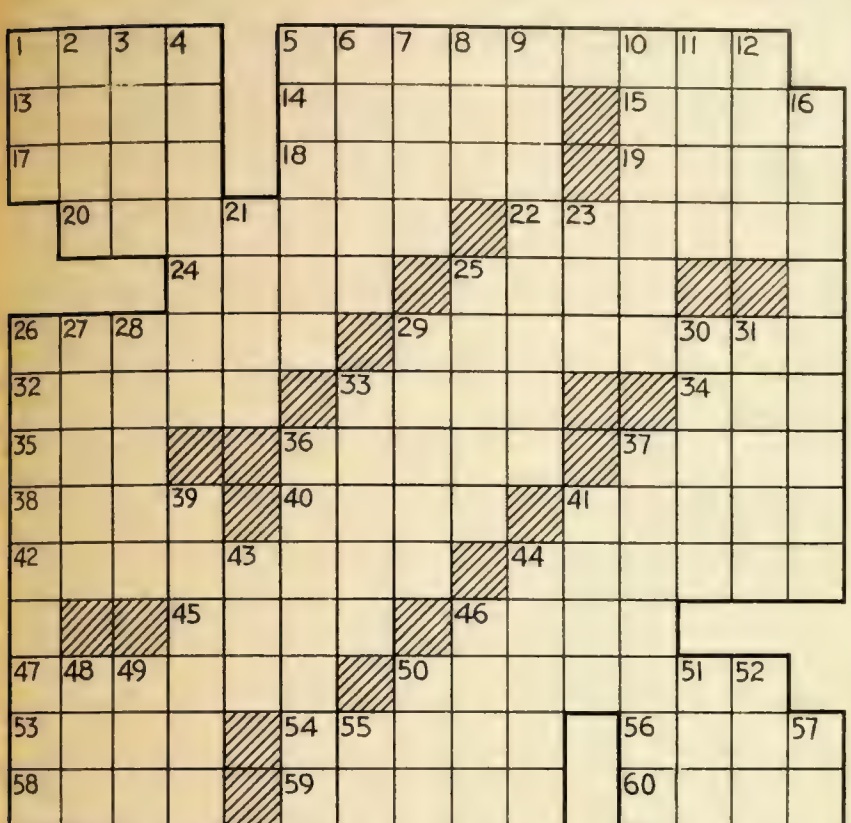
Whatever proposal Hess intended to make, Churchill is not interested. The British Prime Minister is far more interested in the information stored away in the schizophrenic mind of the German deputy leader. Churchill knows that one swallow doesn't make a summer, but "this Nazi bird has been made to sing."

The melody of this song will be reflected in certain strategic and tactical decisions which Churchill will no doubt have made by the time this article appears in print.

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 The bum from the sky
5 The difference between man and superman (two words)
13 Kind of face it takes three looks to see
14 Go for in a big way
15 Things I have for blondes and they have for big bank rolls
17 Man with a dark past
18 What the bad-tempered grocer was out of
19 Air-cooled calico
20 Toot sweetly
22 Black gangster; bilge-water admiral
24 Old Greek super-Nazi
25 What men do to scanty bathing suits on peaches
26 Black headlamp, or a colorful souvenir of the brawl
29 "Good-by forever!" (two words)
32 We motorists feel this has gone to stay
33 Hornswoggle cloth
34 Movies Operate Love-factories (abbr.)
35 Oh, You Owe! (Well, who doesn't?) (abbr.)
36 The reason misers eat oysters
37 I/II of XIII
38 Dat boid is in again!
40 What mustaches are at Vassar
41 Gent whose mother was frightened by a tent (slang)
42 High-brow office boys don't go on errands, they go on these
44 What romantic quarterbacks make at dames
45 Traffic fume Führers
46 What a husband cooks up when late for what his wife cooked up
47 Nipponese sarong, or the geisha girdle
50 How cold hot dogs feel in August
53 What some men wait for a woman for
54 Often after he Krs. her he Mrs. her
56 Flash! This cannot pass through a thick substance!
58 Talk like Hitler
59 What well formed chorus gals like to form (two words)
60 Something most of us have for $100
61 Cheep little things that live between Elm and Branch and worm their way into aviation
62 Portable parking places

BRAG ARID TAMP
RATA SWORE IDEA
EROS PETER SIRS
DEPOSE ANIMATES
LINE EDEN
REMINDED EWERS
INANE ROARS HID
GATE FINIS VISE
ACE OREAD FINAL
TRIBE SEMINOLE
DOES DARE
RESEEDED LEGATE
ARIA MIAMI AMOK
MILL ANDES RATE
ANTS NEON SHED

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 What we all like to hear about defense factories
2 Dictators have big ones
3 Sign that spurs highway cowboys to faster efforts
4 Vichyated Moslems (they may yet get the Axis in the nexis)
5 How Sam Veller urged his hosses in Pickwick Papers
6 Statue material (pl.)
7 A 1776 "America First"
8 What they hang instead of the artist
9 What every army man must answer for at midday (two words)
10 Modern gam-shaft sheaths
11 Schnarz
12 Old-time Hollywood director
16 What sultans like for Christmas (pl.)
21 Enslaved (German)
23 To have a whacking good time with the fresh heir in the shed
25 Blued the ether verbally
26 He does all his work in the doghouse
27 The gal we Mohammedans meet in Paradise
28 Any of us can hack our way into the golf world with them
29 As our airplane shipments increase British stock does this
30 Leaves out
31 All he got out of a baby containing a safety pin
33 Hits the bottle with the kid
36 Request for women to join in a union with men, promising equal rights, fighting privileges, and all the dues
37 This sure gets in an actor's hair
39 Male convoys
41 The first nose dive
43 What many a scientist has in the fire
44 He sure was one to the old-time British (pl.)
46 This looms up at night and has a shapeless shape
48 This guy's simply terrible
49 - - - - - - - - tekel upharsin
50 Garden exterminator
51 Anthony the Paradise Man
52 What Squire Skinflint waved in the Widder Humble's puss
55 Whisky Loves Idleness (abbr.)
57 They keep yelling at you to Come buy! (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

his way," he muttered. "When he was working his way through college, I never asked him for a dime. Education, I said; that's what a boy needs today. When he wanted to go to medical school, I said fine, even though it meant another five years. You should have seen that boy work! All day at school, and nights in the subway making change. But still he couldn't support us. After all, it costs money to be a doctor. So I held on to my job. Day in and day out, I sat in that cursed office. The only thing that kept me going was the hope that some day my doctor son would be able to take care of his poor old parents.

"One fine day," he continued in his quietly miserable voice, "the boy comes home and tells us he's going to get married. Her father was Maugham Mason, the financier, the importer."

"And then?" Jo asked.

"And then? I'll tell you what then. Sure, it was a lovely wedding! Sure, it was a high-class affair! But for whose benefit? you ask. It's a good question—for whose benefit! For everybody but the kids and us. A beautiful wedding so all the world can see, but not a thin dime for the honeymoon, not a red cent for setting up an office. And what becomes of me? Back to that dirty office, the same old grind for the rest of my life. I spoke to Mason about it," he went on. "Man to man, from one friend to another. It was insults that I got for my trouble. Chiseler, he calls me. Chiseler!"

"But your son," Jo persisted. "Where is he now?"

"Why d'you want to know?" he asked suspiciously.

"It's about that piece of paper you took from me last night," Jo said impatiently. "There was something on it; I had forgotten about it, and I must have it back."

The man stood up. "There was nothing on that paper when I took it. The paper was blank. Who sent you here to pump me?"

☆ DICK shook his head at Jo very slowly, but she ignored him. Her voice was nervous when she spoke.

"There was something on it in invisible ink," she said.

Grogan's eyes narrowed. His glance was concentrated and sardonic. "What kind of a fairy tale is that? D'you expect me to believe it? Where would a musician like you come off with secret writing?"

She turned to Dick for help.

"Listen to me, Mr. Grogan," Dick said. "If you want trouble from us, you can have it. We need that paper, and if you want the police in on this, you can have that too. Before you get too excited, though, think of the publicity your son will get. It's not going to do his practice any good."

Grogan's expression changed slightly. "How do I know you're telling me the truth?" he asked.

"You give us the address, and then call your son if you like. But be sure to remind him that if he doesn't have the paper when we get there, he'll have plenty of trouble."

"He's at the Mercedes Arms," Mr. Grogan said bitterly. "After the swellest wedding in Brooklyn, they're spending their honeymoon in that dump off Broadway."

Broadway was jammed when they got back to Manhattan. A cluster of people blocked their path, and for a moment it was impossible to side-step them. Jo could see an expression of good-natured, amused anticipation on their faces as their gazes converged on the center of the knot.

Jo and Dick were shoved to one side and then pushed in. Before they could do anything, they were well inside the circle. A thin, too dapper man stood next to a microphone. His eyes darted from one face to another with an impudent, malicious leer.

"Hello, everybody!" he was saying to the black disk. "This is Teddy Halloran taking his Daily Census of Love —Who Loves Who and Why. And here we are at Forty-seventh and Broadway with the whole world to choose from."

His eyes came to rest on Jo, paused for a second, and swept past to a giggling young lady with an absurd straw hat over one eye. He smiled at her.

☆ "HEY, you with the hat!" He didn't move from the microphone, but his voice, like his eyes, hovered around her, prodding her insolently.

"C'm'ere, dear. I'm not going to bite. I just want to ask you a few questions."

He reached out and pulled her gently over to the microphone and his eyes began to rove over the people around him. Again they paused for a second on Jo, and he frowned, but he continued to talk to the girl, asking her impertinent questions and twisting her laughing answers into sly innuendoes that called forth roars of enjoyment both from the girl and the listeners.

"And your favorite song, sweetiepie?" he asked, staring straight at Jo.

The girl beside him giggled.

"One Cigarette for Two."

The man's frown disappeared and his eyes took on dancing lights as he watched Jo. He moved the girl beside him away, saying, "All right, dear; you did beautifully. Call me up sometime when your boy friend is out of town. Now, ladies and gentlemen of the most inquisitive audience in the world, I have a surprise for you. A real personality." He beckoned to Jo.

Jo turned and pushed her way out.

"Come on, Dick. A joke's a joke."

The announcer's voice pursued her:

"She's bashful, folks; maybe she just doesn't like anybody. Wait till I get some one else."

Jo pulled Dick along with her.

"Let's get through with this business," she said. "It was a narrow escape, to coin a phrase."

"The song gave you away," Dick said. "From now on, any song with the word 'cigarette' in the title is your giveaway."

The hotel was easy to find. It was one of those large gaudy Broadway buildings. In the lobby one could see a mixture of out-of-towners and the lean-looking, slickly dressed men who invariably looked like movie gangsters although they were really no more than respectable clothing salesmen.

"This is us, Jo," Dick said. "Thank heaven, it's all over."

"Let's not say anything until it is over. I'm getting superstitious," said Jo nervously.

"Don't be silly," Dick said. "We can't miss now." He turned to the clerk and his voice was casually assured. It was the voice of a man who had completed all but the finishing touches of a nasty job.

"Room 1007," the clerk said. "First elevator to your right."

☆ JO stood there tense, watching the elevator boy loll as he waited for the starter's signal. He leaned against the door, grinning.

"You said ten?" he asked.

"Yes," Jo replied. "And we're in a hurry, please."

"O. K., lady." He swung on the door, whistling softly. "I've never been late in my life."

The starter crackled his signal and they went up. The operator swung again and leaned against the wall, staring at them pleasantly.

At ten he slammed the door open.

"You didn't lose a minute," he said. "Remember, I got you here on time."

The corridor was long and narrow. The doors looked cheap and thin. As they walked down they could hear voices very plainly from each room, the intimate careless talk of friends in private conversation. They could hear the hiss of a shower and the affected mechanical voices from a radio. Some one had tuned in the Daily Census of Love, and they could hear an awkward giggle, followed by "Now, Mr. Halloran—"

Dick stopped in front of a door. In Gothic figures the number 1007 slanted across the large panel. Jo waited with her heart in her throat as Dick swung the knocker.

There was no answer.

He knocked again—a dull, thin clump—and Jo wiped her lips.

There was no answer.

Dick turned to her, a question in his eyes, and put his hand on the doorknob.

The door swung open very slowly. He pushed it back and they looked in.

The bridegroom sat in an armchair facing them with a look of surprise on his face. One hand was outstretched along the arm, while the other lay folded in his lap. His clothes had a crumpled look. He stared at them but said nothing.

He couldn't—because the hand in his lap rested on the handle of a knife that was stuck into his stomach. He was dead.

Jo stood there, staring at the knife

handle. The hilt was reddened very slightly, and the gray tweed jacket was stained only around the blade where the blood had flowed along the smooth steel. The handle was gray leather and blended beautifully with the shadowed fold of his vest.

The dead man looked at them with his questioning eyes. His face was yellow, except for the white patches at his nostrils and the growing blue of his lips. Jo found her eyes were fixed on his, and then the focus of her gaze went beyond into space as she realized, very slowly, the implications of this new predicament.

Dick's voice, sharp and blunt, came as a sudden shock in this dead presence.

"Do you recognize him?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jo slowly. "This is the groom, all right."

She stepped backward toward the door, in preparation for flight. The knob was cold and hard in her hand. As she started to open it still wider, the door was pushed out of her hands and slammed shut. She turned suddenly and found that Dick was leaning against it. His face was very white and set.

"We've come for the paper," he said abruptly. "We might as well get it while we're here."

Jo turned back to the dead man. There was something about him that made the undisturbed monotony of the room infuriating. It was the typical hotel bedroom. Two small slight-looking twin beds jutted out from the wall, with the covers and violet spreads drawn very tightly. The one window looked out on a dull gray shaft. There was the usual colorless, uninspired bureau and chest of drawers.

☆ AND the dead man looked so undisturbed. A man who had died by violence should show it. His body should lie twisted and in agony, out of all resemblance to normal living people. This man looked slightly uncomfortable, as though he had been awakened from a quick nap. There was nothing very odd about him, so undisturbed, except for the knife handle resting so absurdly in his lap.

This was the man they had hunted all morning, the man who was the only person who could help them. They had asked as many people as they could where to find him, making no secret of it. Their trail was as clear as they could possibly have made it. Now he was dead, and they were alone with him in his room. The police were searching for them anyhow in connection with a crime, and all they had relied on was the fact that they would get here first; because, once they were here, they had been sure of finding the envelope. Their predicament now was worse—immeasurably worse—because, in addition to everything else they were charged with, they now had an accusation of murder to face.

"There was no fight at all," Jo said. "You wouldn't even know what had happened."

"There's only one who had to know," Dick said. "And he found out."

The new trunk stood half opened, as though the young couple hadn't taken the trouble yet to unpack. On the other side of the trunk was a set of drawers. One of the drawers was open, and the foot of a silk stocking hung over the side.

Dick pushed the trunk wide and knelt down, so that he could unstrap the suits. He rummaged through them until he found the tail jacket.

Jo watched him without being able to move. The idea of the dead man, sitting there so terribly stolid and impassive, hypnotized her as much by its very existence as by the possibility that they might be held responsible. The fact of death, the ultimate violence, had been hovering in her mind ever since she had met the bus. It had been a vague fear, driving her on; and yet she had never been able to imagine it clearly. Suddenly, and much too quietly, it was here.

"It's not in the jacket pockets," Dick was saying. "And there's no place in the vest for it. I'll have to try the trousers."

"Dick," she said swiftly. "Don't stay here any longer. It's dangerous! I can't stand the way he sits there. It's ghastly. This is what may happen to you or to me!"

There was no answer from Dick, who was behind her. She could hear the soft rubbing sounds as he worked deep in the back of the trunk.

"I can't even look at him," Jo said. Her voice shook. "He looks so harmless and unimportant . . ."

☆ "JO!" Dick's voice was sharp. He stood up and came over to her. His hands were tight on her arms. He held her straight as though trying to force his own strength into her. "You can't give way now. Don't you see what's happened here?" There was a rushing urgency in his voice that killed her rising hysteria. She could see that he was shocked and, way down deep, he was as frightened as she was. But his emotions were a thing aside. He had a job to do, and no matter how deeply he hated it, that job had to be completed.

"It's pretty clear that we're the first ones to find him," he went on. "His wife is gone only temporarily. From the looks of things, she must have just stepped out to do some shopping or to go to the hairdresser; whatever it is, she might be back at any moment. Once we leave this room, we're out of it for good. This is our only chance to get it before some one comes. I don't have to tell you if we're found here like this what'll happen. It's obvious that no one knows that he's dead; we never could have got up here otherwise. He must have let somebody in whom he didn't know. He was stabbed before he knew what hit him. He never expected it; his face tells that."

His face, Jo thought. His face showed such mild surprise that a quickly changed expression might cause it, a sudden scowl in an otherwise innocent face. Jo wondered when she might see such a transition. And in whose face? Whom was she to watch for, to guard against?

"We've got to stay here and finish the job," Dick was saying. "We've got only until his wife returns. You must keep your gloves on, so that you don't leave your fingerprints on anything. It's true that our trail leads here, but it needn't show what we were doing."

There was a sharp rap at the door, and they could hear a low careless whistling outside. Jo turned quickly to Dick. He made a quick gesture with his fingers to his lips

"Say nothing," he whispered. "Whoever it is will go away."

She grabbed his hand for support and held her breath

QUESTIONS

Gregory Pinquetea, our question tester, missed four—Nos. 3, 7, 13, and 15. Count double if you get those right. Mr. Pinquetea said he considered he could have got No. 7 if he'd "been smart."

1—Cornelius McGillicuddy was recently honored by 15,000 persons in Philadelphia. Who is he, and why the celebration?

2—Is it correct to say that Frankenstein was a monster? If not, why not?

3—Was it because bakers of yesterday were more generous than those of today that they used to give thirteen instead of twelve for a "baker's dozen"? If not, why did they do it?

4—Can you name three important episodes of the Bible, each of which occupied the space of forty days?

5—When Yankee Doodle stuck a feather in his cap, why did he call it macaroni?

6—What famous baseball star, whose recent death was mourned by millions, held the record for playing the greatest number of consecutive games, and what was the number of the games?

7—Born in Poland, Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski learned English rather late in life and became a great English novelist. Under what name is he famous?

8—What minute entities which have been discussed for more than a century, recently had their photographs taken for the first time?

9—Which is the most densely populated state in the Union?

10—What two famous horseback riders, heroes of boys, were killed at different times in auto accidents?

11—Women wear all kinds of stockings, some silk, some nylon, some cotton. But about how many pairs of stockings does the average American woman buy in a year?

12—Is there any difference between a queen mother and a queen dowager?

13—What eagle, not alive, was made to turn its head from one side to the other by governmental order, and why?

14—Captain John Paul Jones piloted a ship which carried the first flag of the new American navy. Do you know the legend which was written on that flag?

15—Which is the world's largest woman's college, and where is it located?

16—Does the term "scot free" have anything to do with Scotland?

17—The letters in the name "Anzac"—which is in the news frequently nowadays—stand for a group of words. What are they?

18—A modernized edition of what famous work was recently put into use all over the United States?

19—What exiled European king recently paid a visit to Bermuda?

20—The song beginning "Drink to me only with thine eyes" is not officially named by that line. Do you know the real title?

(Answers will be found on page 53)

The door flew open. A bellboy, with a bright saucy face and happy absent eyes, marched in. Under his arm he carried the early editions of the afternoon papers. As he strutted in, his eyes were fixed somewhere on the molding at the far end of the room. He took a quick careless glance at Dick and Jo, then dropped a folded newspaper into the dead man's hand, which lay outstretched along the chair arm.

"Paper. Compliments of the house," he said.

He wheeled on his heel and went out, slamming the door behind him. The sound slapped through the room and the paper fell slowly from the lifeless hand.

The whole thing took no more than ten seconds. They could hear the bellboy knocking on doors farther down the corridor.

Jo felt limp and exhausted. Her heart was racing so that it was difficult to catch her breath.

"He didn't see anything," said Dick. He held Jo firmly as though to help her collect herself. "You go through the rest of the trunk," he told her. "I'll go through what he has on."

"I can't!" she protested. "We have to go now. Suppose some one else should come in. The next one won't be so blind. We'll be caught."

"No, we won't. Now, do as I say," he insisted. He held her so that her back was to the body. "Hurry!"

"Yes, Dick." Her voice was dead. "I'll do it."

She bent down and met the sweet cloying odor of new luggage. Her hands moved clumsily and it seemed as though her fingers were numb. The materials slid through her grasp several times before she could get a grip on anything.

There was no sound from Dick. Jo knew you could fold back a jacket without noise. You put your hand into a pocket that swings from a dead weight, you unbutton a soft wet vest, and still there need be no sound. The soft rustling noises come only when there is resistance. You pull the dead man sideways to reach into the trousers, and the disturbed figure slides quietly over the soft upholstery. He moves slowly and pliantly. There need be no telltale sounds.

☆ "HE hasn't got it," said Dick. His voice seemed to boom out at her for the whole floor, the whole building, the world to hear and understand. "Did you have any luck?"

Jo shook her head. "I haven't found a thing," she said. "Whoever got here first probably took it. It's even barely possible that he threw it away."

"But you said you saw him put it in his pocket, didn't you?"

"Yes," Jo agreed. "I did."

"Then," Dick went on, "the chances are that he forgot all about it and kept it. No, you're wrong. There was no reason to throw it away, and he really did want those addresses. The others must have it."

He helped her to her feet.

"We're at a dead end," he said "We've got to get out of here at once. If the police catch us here, we're finished. All the circumstantial evidence in the world is stacked against us. So let's go."

It was what she had been waiting to hear. Finding the envelope had become secondary in the last few minutes. The penalty for that failure was still in the future, and that could wait. What mattered now was to get out of the terrible depressing presence of the dead young doctor.

She got her things together and went blindly for the door, and there she turned for one last look at the body. She was really curious to see the new position, to see the body sprawled sideways in the chair, to look as dead as it really was. There was something too grotesque about that expression of surprise, the poised normal relaxation of the body. A certain horrible asymmetry was demanded to make it believable.

The dead man was undisturbed. He sat just as she saw him last, with the same expression and with the relaxed hand still resting so casually on the knife hilt.

☆ DICK closed the door as she stood staring.

"We'll ride down in the elevator," he said. "If we were to walk, some one might see us, and that's all we'd need. It would look too suspicious to be found on the back stairway when there are so many elevators available. So we'll just ride down and bluff our way out."

They walked back down the noisy corridor, pursued on all sides by the gossamer fragments of unintelligible conversations. The same chatter came out of them as before, but the idle voices seemed to have a new intent, a furtive clinging quality that made Jo feel as though she were being entwined by soft diaphanous bonds that were inescapable. It made her want to walk faster, but Dick's firm hand on her arm restrained her.

They walked slowly and without apparent alarm. Dick said nothing and his face had a drawn, abstracted look. His motions, as he smoked, were steady and deliberate.

"I've made up my mind that this has become too tough for us to try to lick by ourselves," he said. He rang the elevator bell and was silent for a moment. Then he shook his head in puzzlement. "It's become too mixed up for us. We'd need more time and some authority." He shrugged. "And we have neither. Furthermore, now that it's clear that our pious-looking old pals have no objection to murder, it means we're playing in another league. This isn't our speed, Jo. Up until this murder it was one thing, but now this makes it different."

Jo glanced up at him quickly.

"I know I'm not much help," she said. "I just don't have that bang-up kind of nerve to be of use. But if it's just a question of me having more nerve, I'll be different from now on."

"It's not that at all, Jo," he said. "We're stuck—really stuck."

"Well, what do you plan to do?" she asked. She didn't know whether to be relieved or not. If Dick's face was any standard of judgment, what he had in mind was not going to be any more pleasant than what had happened this far. The sad truth was that there was no easy way out. It was simply a choice of the most effective of two unpleasant alternatives.

Dick gave her an appraising glance.

"Just this . . ."

The elevator door opened and the grinning boy who had taken them up was waiting for them. He had an impish smile as they walked past him. It was full of fun and, beyond that, knowledge.

"Have a good visit?" he asked. He watched them with his sideways smile and cracked his gum.

"Sure we did," Dick answered easily. "We always do."

The boy did a miniature tap dance, keeping the rhythm by knocking on the elevator wall with his elbow. He stopped the car to let a chambermaid on. As he closed the door he turned to them again.

"Say," he asked. "Is that guy you went to see a little Napoleon or something?"

"Why do you ask that?" Jo demanded. She felt the tense annoyance in her voice. It came through in spite of her, bubbling up through her repressed fright. When she saw the sudden curiosity in his eyes, she tried to cover it with a smile.

"Oh, I don't know," the boy said slowly. The car slid to a halt again and some passengers entered. They stared politely at Jo and Dick.

"I just asked," the boy went on. "I just asked because everybody who comes out of that guy's room is as pale as a ghost." He looked at Jo, smiling speculatively.

Jo found herself leaning against Dick, pressing his hand with her own. His answer was a sharp pressure in return, as though to warn her against being so transparent.

☆ "WHO else was in there to see him before us?" Dick asked.

The elevator stopped again and still more people got on. Dick and Jo were pushed toward the rear as the passengers turned to face the gate. The door slid closed again and once more the elevator began to fall.

"An old couple," the operator answered, not even turning around. "An old man and lady. They left just before you came." The passengers craned their necks, looking about to see who was being spoken to. Slowly their idle curious stares became focused on Jo and Dick. Their faces were mild and politely searching.

"Yes, sir," the boy went on. "They came out just like you two, walking calm and quiet, but their faces were just as white."

The watching faces became more intent as they followed the voice. Jo could see them gauging her paleness.

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "I'll have to pay that guy a visit and see what's so scary about him."

He turned again to wink at them. "These guys don't bother me. The bigger they are, the harder they fall."

In the lobby, Dick walked Jo into a corner of the lobby where he could speak to her without being overheard. Most of the chairs were occupied by waiting people who sat very still staring into space. The small accommodating motions they made were imperceptible, and they seemed to be part of the furniture. Near the tobacco stand stood a small knot of men who argued heatedly in a strange jargon with peculiar variations of English grammar.

"I want you to go back to your room," Dick said. "It's much too dangerous for you to be walking around."

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 51

1—He is Connie Mack, famous manager of the Philadelphia American League Base Ball team since the start of the century. It was Connie Mack Day.

2—No. Frankenstein was the name of the man who made the monster.

3—No. Laws in olden days in England were so strict against bakers giving short weight in bread, that the bakers always gave an extra loaf, just to be on the safe side.

4—During the Flood it rained for forty days; Moses was forty days on Mount Sinai; and Jesus fasted for forty days. There are many other episodes involving forty.

5—Macaroni was a term to describe a dudish fellow—and Yankee Doodle was dudish with a feather in his cap.

6—Lou Gehrig, who played 2,130 games without missing one.

7—Joseph Conrad.

8—Molecules.

9—Rhode Island, with an estimated density of 674.2 persons per square mile.

10—Tom Mix and the Lone Ranger.

11—Between fifteen and sixteen.

12—A queen mother is the mother of a reigning ruler; a queen dowager is the widow of a dead king. A queen mother may also be a queen dowager.

13—The eagle worn as an emblem in the navy has looked to the left for more than a hundred years. Recently navy officials discovered that it should be looking to the right, according to heraldry. New eagles have been issued, facing right.

14—"Don't Tread on Me."

15—Hunter College in New York City.

16—No. In old England a scot was a tax or fine. "Scot free" meant no tax or fine.

17—The word is formed of the initials of Australian and New Zealand Army Corps.

18—A new Catholic version of the New Testament, produced by thirty scholars after several years' work, was used in Catholic churches throughout the country. It modernizes much of the Biblical language.

19—King Carol.

20—To Celia, by Ben Jonson.

Another elevator opened its door with a quiet clangor, and the bellhop who delivered the papers stepped out briskly. He walked straight over to the main desk, said something to the clerk, who then raised his eyes and glanced in Jo's direction. She put her hand on Dick's arm, and Dick stopped talking. The bellboy left the desk and walked across the lobby toward them. Halfway across, he signaled to another boy, who came across to join him. The two fell into step.

"Dick!" said Jo. "What are we going to do?"

"Nothing," Dick replied. "Just stand here."

The two bellboys were only a few feet away, their young faces set in considered repose. Then they glanced idly at Jo . . . and walked past to the newsstand, which was directly behind Dick and Jo. There was a brief consultation with the newsman, and then the boys began to laugh. Jo and Dick were ignored.

"Let's get out of here," pleaded Jo. "This is too much. How will we ever know whether people are talking about us and just waiting for us to make a move to go into action?"

"All right," said Dick. "But take that stricken look off your face and walk naturally." He led her slowly toward the door. "I'm going down to see Wharton and try to straighten this whole thing out. He'll just have to believe me. Don't go home right away, though, or one of the plain-clothes men who are around will pick you up. I want you to get there *after* I've spoken to Wharton. Then he'll have the police called off. It'll take me ten minutes by cab to get downtown and at least twenty minutes to talk to him. I want you to kill half an hour in a Trans Lux movie. Sit as far front as you can so that everybody can see you and nobody will try anything. Remember, don't get back to your room before half an hour."

"All right, Dick," she promised. "But suppose you can't convince Wharton?"

He looked at her, smiling quietly.

"I don't think I'd like that to happen. But it's the only chance we have and that's what interests me. So long."

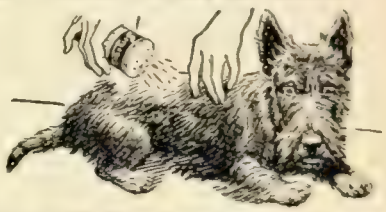
☆ HE turned abruptly and walked out. Jo started after him, but she was too slow. Dick was outside the revolving door before she was halfway across the floor. But now that he had taken matters out of her hands, she felt some relief, felt almost free, because she had more confidence in Dick than in herself. The memory of the chase and the persistent vision of the dead man began to recede somewhat.

People moved about her as she walked toward the door, and the general flow of life reassured her. The revolving door had stopped spinning, but when she was only twenty feet away from it the door started to move again. A look at the two people going out stopped Jo in her tracks.

That one glance was enough to bring everything crowding back to suffocate her—the horrible drugged sensation at the wedding, the shock of seeing the dead man, the heavy dragging fear that had pervaded everything. She stood still, for that moment, in greater terror than ever before, because now she was alone and Dick was gone.

Is Jo being followed again? And by whom this time? Will she be able to reach Dick? Haunted by fear, hunted by relentless and terrifying pursuers, a likely suspect for an as yet undiscovered murder, the bewildered girl plunges into still stranger adventures. Follow her tortured path in Liberty next week!

I'LL TELL YE ABOOT FLEAS! Th' flea is a verra vicious beastie—and verra onnecessary. Besides th' torture o' his bite, he carries wi' him th' eggs o' worrms! A verra low character!



YE'LL AGREE WI' ME, he desairves t' be done t' death afore his nosty wurrk is begun. And guid SKIP-FLEA POWDER is th' way t' do it! That and SKIP-FLEA SOAP are fatal to fleas!

FOR MYSEL', I use th' twa o' them in th' verra thrifty Sergeant's *Flea Insurance Kit*, and I ha'e no trooble wi' th' beasties. At drug and pet stores, and a *free* new Sergeant's DOG BOOK.

Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisements.

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ IN the "sugar report" I got today, the girl friend says that she's seen a newspaper item to the effect that any soldier who was in service last October 16 must register for the draft as soon as he gets his discharge. My three-year trick will be finished next November and does this news mean that I've got to put in another year? It's a helluva note if it does . . . I want to get hitched.
Corp. S. K. W., Fort Custer, Mich.

Your girl friend's report was correct, but don't get excited. Unless you intend to reenlist the day after you are discharged (as you obviously don't) you must register within five days if you're within the draft-age limits. But that doesn't mean you'll have to do additional service. The War Department issued the order solely for the purpose of complete Selective Service man-power records. Don't forget to register.

I told my son, who is in the Army, to send me the names of four or five men in his outfit who have no relatives and get no mail. I write them once a week or so, and they all seem to be very grateful indeed, judging from their replies. I pass this idea along with the thought that others might like to adopt it. It must be tough for those fellows who stand around when the mail is handed out and never get a letter.
C. Schotty, New York City.

That's a really swell idea, pop. I wish I could function as middleman between such boys and the folks who want to write to them, but I simply haven't the facilities. Best thing I can think of is to tell folks to write to boys they know in service and ask for names, just as you did. Or ask around the home town about local boys in the armed forces who are unlikely to get letters from home.

Before the draft came along I joined the Air Corps of this man's army. I signed up for Panama on the understanding that a school of the kind I wanted was there. When I got to Panama I found that no such school existed. So I planned to buy out and go back to the States and get the schooling I wanted. Then came the order suspending purchase of discharge. Now I understand that men will be returned to the States only for discharge. In other words, must I put in three years in this hell hole, with no furlough to go home and see the folks?

It's enough to drive a man nuts. I feel that practically every clause of the contract I signed has been broken. Is every regular in the Army entitled to thirty days' furlough a year . . . except us?

I don't mind war. I'd be tickled pink to get a crack at the European dictators and their legions. My family has been in every war this country has ever had from 1775 to date, and I hope to be in the next one; but I don't feel like giving my life for people who allow me to be treated like this. This opinion is general here. Before the men will stand for three years without a furlough they'll go over the hill—and I mean plenty of them.
Pvt. A. B. P., Albrook Field, Canal Zone.

Boy, you were certainly mad when you wrote that letter and I hope it did you a lot of good to get it out of your system. We're not at war but we are in an "unlimited national emergency," and that calls for drastic orders which often work hardships on individuals. But where did you get that information about no furlough and no return to the States until discharge? I have queried the War Department and apparently it isn't so. Take it easy, son, and forget that over-the-hill business. You'd be worse off if you did that.

Although I'm only seventeen I'm often taken for twenty-one and older, but I can't get in the Army for another year without lying about my age, even though I have my parents' permission to enlist. Got any suggestions? Thanks.
O. S. T., Charlottesville, Va.

Did you know the Marine Corps had lowered its minimum age requirements from eighteen to seventeen? You can enlist in the regular M. C. for four years or in the M. C. reserve "for the duration." Or, if you prefer the Navy, they'll take you for a "minority cruise" at seventeen, which means that you'll be discharged at twenty-one instead of after the usual six-year trick.

Kay Kyser and his band gave their regular program at our station. When the tickets were passed out, our class of 210 got 100, while officers got five or ten apiece and one high-ranker took 150. If the entertainment was supposed to be for the boys primarily, then why not have it that way instead of letting the officers take the gravy?
"Bluejacket" S. T. N., San Diego, Calif.

You've got me there, sailor. I'll bite. I heard that somewhat the same thing happened down at Fort George G. Meade in Maryland when Ed Wynn took a unit there recently for a show. Some standard system, fair to men and officers alike, should be worked out so that favoritism is eliminated.

Just how long will we R. A. R.s (Regular Army Reserves) be held on active duty status? We are under the impression that we will be released on July 1, but we're not actually banking on it. We would, however, appreciate it very much if we could know

"It's the new uniform for amphibian tanks."

one way or the other, so that we can start taking the proper steps to regain our positions in civil life when and if we are released.
Pvt. C. O. S., Camp Edwards, Mass.

My inquiry to the War Department brought the answer that it is intended to hold R. A. R.s on active duty for one year. But that was prior to the President's proclamation of May 27, which may alter the situation.

"And how are you on punctuation, soldier?" "Just great, sarge!" said the would-be paper worker hoping for a headquarters job. "Me, I ain't been late a minute in my life!"
Fort Ord Panorama, Calif.

Judges for Valor in Citizenship

These outstanding Americans will name the winner of Liberty's 1941 Gold Medal Award

POLICE COMMISSIONER LEWIS E. VALENTINE

ATTORNEY GENERAL ROBERT H. JACKSON

NATIONAL COMMANDER MILO J. WARNER

☆ WITH pride Liberty announces the acceptance by three prominent and public-spirited American officials of our invitation to serve as judges on the 1941 Committee of Award that annually bestows upon some worthy citizen Liberty's Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship.

This year's judges are:

UNITED STATES ATTORNEY GENERAL ROBERT H. JACKSON.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE, POLICE COMMISSIONER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

MILO J. WARNER, NATIONAL COMMANDER, THE AMERICAN LEGION.

Liberty is proud that these outstanding men seem unanimously to feel as does National Commander Warner, who wrote: "I would be very happy to serve on your Award Committee. I feel that what you are doing in this connection is both praiseworthy and noteworthy." And so, for the third consecutive year, Liberty prepares to award to some ordinary American citizen—as yet unknown—its Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship.

In times such as these, acts of heroism on the part of American citizens in private life take on special and heartening significance. There is a Congressional Medal of Honor for valor on the field of battle. There is not—as yet—Congressional recognition of the valor of plain citizens who, in face of intimidation or danger, bravely assist our country's law-enforcement agencies in the equally serious war against crime—an unending and costly war.

It is to these brave men and women that Liberty once more intends to bring well deserved public recognition. Their stories will be published for you to read. And upon at least one of them Liberty's board of impartial judges will confer the third Gold Medal for Valor.

Liberty hopes that you—its readers—will volunteer in this unselfish crusade.

The man or woman to receive this year's Medal for Valor may be a friend, a neighbor, a citizen in *your* home town.

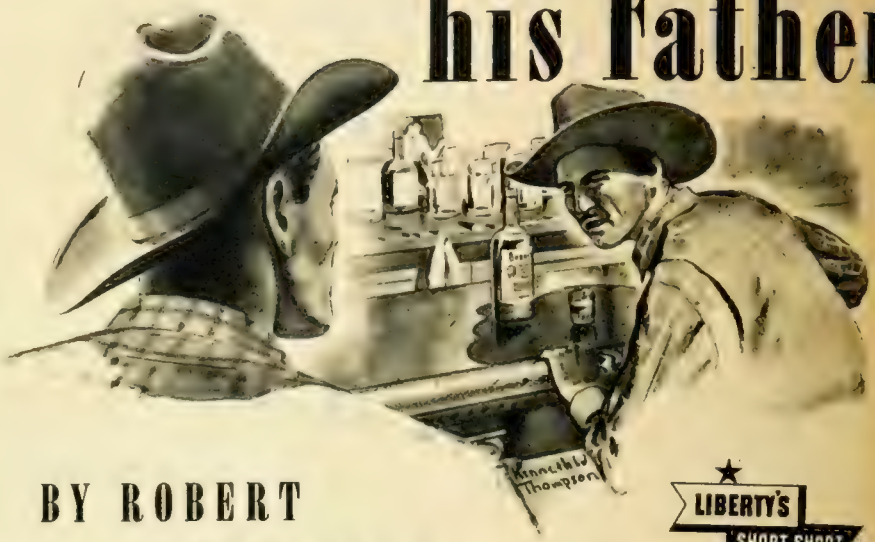
Liberty invites you—one of its millions of readers—to send in your nomination for its third Gold Medal for Valor, assures you that each worthy nomination submitted will be investigated and scrupulously studied for its merits.

The war against crime is your battle—and ours.

THE END

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Faith in his Father



BY ROBERT E. MAHAFFAY

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

☆ DANNY REBLOCK rubbed wet palms on the flanks of his dusty trousers. Overhead, the rusty iron loops of the Empire's big sign creaked. Wind nuzzled at his back, inexorably urging him through the swinging doors. He waited, needing a moment to bury once again that grain of doubt. There couldn't be any doubt —not about Matt.

At his elbow Frank Carnahan swore softly. Carnahan had been Matt's deputy. It was he who had written to Danny explaining how Matt had died. "If you believe in your father the way I do," he had scrawled, "you'll know Matt didn't turn bad, there at the end. Only one way to prove it that I know of. I can't ask you to do it, but I can tell you what it is. . . ."

The calves of Danny's legs quivered a little. That could be the result of three days' hard riding. Carnahan's voice scraped:

"I'm still not asking you, kid. I could be wrong. If Garr pulls his gun—"

Danny shook his head. All at once he was feeling the dead weight of the weapons buckled about his hips. They were Matt Reblock's guns and, when tales were told of gun skill, the name Reblock was magic. And yet no one knew more thoroughly than Danny how much his father had hated guns, even though the law had forced him to use them. That was what Danny had to believe now.

"I'll wait here," Carnahan said. "You've got to play it alone."

Danny went into the saloon. The light from hanging lamps burned his eyes. Over against the bar was a knot of men. A mocking voice drawled:

". . . I was on my way into town with a couple wolf skins. If a stage had been held up in Rusty Gap, I didn't know about it. I'd got as far as Drumroll Creek when I met Matt. He started off abusing me . . ."

Danny stood steadily, waiting for his eyes to clear. The dust and sweat in the lines of his face made him seem older than his twenty years, and he had Matt's fighting jaw.

". . . Well, I took Matt's hard talking. What would any of you have done? But he got to cussing me pretty bad—about as bad as any man can stand—and then he swore he aimed to cut me down whether I drew or not. It was a case of pull a gun against Matt Reblock or be murdered. I pulled my gun. . . . I'm here to tell about it, and Matt isn't. That's the long and short of it. Plain self-defense. And if I hadn't done it, somebody else would have had to. . . ."

Danny began to walk toward the bar.

". . . If somebody else *could* have, that is. Matt was through being a lawman. He'd turned wolf. Gun-toting hits a man that way sometimes. When a man's as fast with a gun as Matt was, it gets away from him, like a fire in dry grass. He'll kill . . ."

Danny had reached the edge of the crowd. A man turned. There was a croaking exclamation, a shuffle of boots. A lane opened and widened between Danny Reblock and Jud Garr.

Garr's eyes had a way of flicking like a bronc's tail. He was lifting a glass; he held it poised.

"Put it down," Danny said. "You're going to have something else to do with your hands."

Garr set his glass down, and kept both hands on the edge of the bar. Danny stood very still.

"Garr, I don't think you ever outdrew a Reblock. I don't think you can now."

Garr laughed. "It took nerve to pull against Matt," Danny said. "I want to see that nerve. Start it, Garr."

Garr's two hands still pressed against the bar. "Not me. I'm not looking for more trouble with the law."

"Your trouble isn't with the law—it's with me. Pull, I tell you!"

Garr shook his head warily.

"You didn't kill Matt from an even break," Danny said. "You laid for Matt and 'bushed him."

Danny waited. To the left of Garr, he could see the faces of Marv Thorne and Baldy Todd. Cattlemen. They had known Matt a long time. They were watching this closely.

Danny began to curse Garr, the savagery of his words rising. He saw him drop his hands guardedly from the bar. His own voice was ragged. "What does a man have to do, Garr? What did Matt do?"

Garr's flickering glance had frozen.

Danny stepped back a pace. This was it. He lifted his hands shoulder-high.

"I'm going to count ten. If you haven't pulled by then, I will. I'm going to kill you, Garr."

He began to count.

Garr was staring at the guns which had been Matt's. He was fighting for each breath. At four he stiffened slightly. At eight he sagged.

"Quit it," he croaked, just audibly. "Quit it, I tell you!"

"You didn't pull against Matt, did you?"

Garr could only shake his head.

"Matt had you hooked up with the stage job in Rusty Gap. You knew if he talked to you he'd devil it out of you. So you laid for him and shot him."

This time Garr couldn't even nod, but the answer lay in his eyes. He turned away from Danny and was sick.

Danny let his hands drop. Gnarled little Frank Carnahan came stumping from the doorway. "All right, boy. The law'll finish it."

Marv Thorne said, "Son, that took nerve. Garr had us fooled, Frank. We really thought he'd gamble against a Reblock if the chips were down."

Carnahan lifted out Garr's gun. "It wouldn't have been a gamble. If Garr had pulled, he'd have won."

Thorne asked, "You mean Danny here was that sure Garr was lying?"

"He was dead sure, because he knew Matt," Carnahan said softly. "Matt couldn't have turned gun-wild. Not when he hated guns so. He made the only son he had promise never to own or use one." He jerked his head at Danny. "That's a promise the kid here has never broke."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ RUTH DAUCHY'S new job is one that thousands of you would love. She has charge of the Children's Zoo, recently opened at Bronx Park, New York—a live-animal nursery where girls and boys up to sixteen play with baby pigs, chicks, rabbits, kittens, etc. College mice from Columbia laboratories run up and down from a hickory-dickory clock; pussies are seen at the bottom of a ding-dong well, safe from water, of course; and to watch but not handle are baby lions, baby hippos, and other wild infants in a Noah's ark, though not in pairs, because couples *will* fight. . . . Designed by Assistant General Director Harry Sweeney, decorated by Artist Walter Addison, who has worked with Walt Disney, the kids' zoo admits no adults unless accompanied by children. Fifteen cents for kids; ten for elders; but no kid may bring in more than three! Buildings and bridges are kindergarten size, causing incautious grown-ups to bump heads. . . . "Parents appear more familiar with nursery rhymes than children are," Ruth Dauchy told me. "While nearly all children enjoy holding furred animals (we have to teach them to stroke the right way), some seem squeamish about touching chickens." . . . A kinkajou has established himself as official greeter. Two tame geese have decided they'll follow girls in slacks but not girls in skirts. Altogether a wonderful place! . . . Miss Dauchy was born on a farm. After majoring in zoology at Mount Holyoke, she was employed by the Harvard Museum of Comparative Biology. At Bronx Park she's now known as the *zooperintendent.*

☆ BURTON RASCOE'S new book, Belle Starr—Queen of the Bandits (published by Random House), tells the story of Belle's rough, tough life and times. One part of the book should make all lady readers thankful for modern diet, salads, fruit juices, etc. About frontier eating Burton says: "Nearly everything was fried . . . men would cut the grease with whiskey . . . women would abstain from whiskey . . . becoming gaunt, jaundiced, and dry-skinned."

☆ THERE'S nothing primitive about this healthy Western recipe for *Stuffed Broiled Steak:* . . . Chop 6 rashers crisply browned bacon. Lightly sauté 12 chopped mushrooms, 1 tablespoon minced scallions, 2 tablespoons stale bread crumbs. Mix all together, adding 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Have a sirloin steak 2½ inches thick. With sharp knife split steak deeply all the way around the edge. Stuff with above mixture and sew up. Rub outside with melted butter, a touch of onion. Broil each side 10 minutes under hot flame, then 5 minutes under low flame.

☆ SUSPICION need not bother the wife of a man whose absent-mindedness is habitual, but if it's brand new, and as spectacular as in the true-life case that follows, who could blame her for wondering? . . . Home from work, he asked why she hadn't met him at the ferry station with their car. "*You* took the car *with you* this morning," she answered. "By jingo, I did!" exclaimed he. "But where have I left it?" Soon a furious phone call unriddled *that* mystery. First to drive aboard the ferry, he had stepped out on deck for a smoke, locked his car, forgotten it completely. Disembarking at the ferry station, he looked around for wife and car, then took a bus home. The ferryboat had to return to midstream and come in again stern-first so the rest of its load of cars and trucks could back off. . . . "No, dear," says the husband, "I tell you I *wasn't* thinking about *anything* serious enough to make me so absent-minded. "Yes, dear," says the wife, "I heard you the first time." Will he ever convince her? Can she ever quit wondering?

"But I can't understand it! I've come through there hundreds of times by closing my eyes!"

☆ IF you hunt antiques while vacation tripping, watch for good *millefiori* paperweights—colored glass flowers set in solid crystal. Real old ones are stylish; may be worth from eight to a thousand dollars. Some have their date hidden among the flowers. New imitations are crude, quite easy to detect. About a century ago the best were made as tests of skill between rival glass artists. Refined ladies actually used the oval ones as *hand coolers!*

☆ "WHAT a pretty child! Whose is it?" Here from the Orient, a French-colonial lady said this when shown a photograph brought out by another refugee. "It's your own baby," she was told—and that was true. Last year, too young for enforced travel, it had been left with French relatives in China; had grown so she didn't recognize its picture. I'm glad to report they're reunited. . . . Just one of the quirky patterns traced by war.

☆ DEFENSE needs aluminum. In the kitchen we're going back to iron. Talking recently of this, George Rector and I agreed that ham sizzles sweetest in an iron skillet, stews cook tastiest in an iron pot, potatoes and doughnuts turn goldenest in an iron kettle. *Such* iron rations are fine!

THE LAST WORD:

A Tale About Hess from Berchtesgaden

© BACHRACH
FULTON OURSLER

THE MYSTERY OF RUDOLF HESS increases. It would be a simple matter to publish an article called One Thousand and One Theories of Why Nazi No. 3 Is in England. The latest and probably the most astonishing theory comes not from the over-agitated brains of fireside observers, nor from punch-drunk correspondents in the European capitals, but from an obscure, well informed source in Berchtesgaden, home of Der Führer near München—the roost of the robbers to you.

This theory comes to you in an article in next week's Liberty. The author is that sometimes exceptionally well informed journalist, Wythe Williams. His information for this article reached him by cable from one who was in Berchtesgaden and then managed to hop over the German frontier, finally to send his message from Vaduz. It arrived in a curious extemporized code—you will see portions of that code message reproduced in next week's Liberty. The burden of this international gossip is a strange variation of the thousand and one tales you have already heard about Rudolf Hess. If this new version is to be believed, then here is what happened:

• • •

HERR HESS WAS TOLD he could commit suicide. He was even given a plane (shocking example of prodigality in Germany under war economy) and told to go up and crash himself. But Himmler, that old devil, bungled the job. Hess, up in the air, found he had enough gasoline to get to Scotland.

Mr. Williams, in presenting his article, naturally gives it a certain amount of endorsement. He undoubtedly believes the theory is founded on fact, and offers it as the first of his distinguished new series, Inside Germany Today. Frankly, while printing it because of Mr. Wythe Williams' eminent position as an observer of foreign affairs, and as one who undoubtedly has amazing contacts in Germany, I nevertheless find it hard to accept this as the true explanation. I wonder what you will think when you read it. I shall be glad to hear how it strikes our readers—long experience has taught me a deep respect for their invincible instinct for the truth.

• • •

YOU WILL FIND a great variety of entertainment, information, and perhaps some strengthening and renewal of faith in the table of contents next week. Among the stories and features especially recommended are The Battle of the Flames, by Johannes Steel; Queen Louella—presenting the facts about the private life of Louella Parsons, by Frederick Lewis; a Travel Quiz, by Malcolm LaPrade (and, Malcolm, do you remember the time when we came home from Europe together and you taught me the game of Twenty Questions?); Why I Believe in God and Prayer, by Mahatma Gandhi; Canada Takes to the Sea, by Frazier Hunt; I Got Back My Self-Respect with My Waistline, by Frederick L. Collins; two exciting short stories—The Pleasure Is All Yours, by Albert Richard Wetjen; and You Can't Buy Smiles, by Donald Barr Chidsey—together with the end of The Rise and Fall of Joseph Schenck, by Alan Hynd, and another exciting installment of Footsteps Behind Her, by Mitchell Wilson. Doesn't that all sound pretty good?

• • •

SALMAGUNDI: Do you remember that naughty-boy cover on Liberty a few weeks ago—the one where a young scoundrel was dipping the braids of a prim little girl in his inkwell? We had many letters about that cover; but its most extraordinary repercussion happened to Charles L. Withers of Danville, Illinois. It seems that, like the little boy on our cover, Mr. Withers was once himself a braid dunker. That was back in 1890. The little girl's name (well, she was a little girl then) was Annie Cook. Seeing that picture on Liberty, Mr. Withers felt a twinge of conscience. He wrote the following letter to the Goshen News-Democrat: "This may sound silly to you, but I can't help wanting to know the whereabouts of Annie Cook. I placed her hair in my inkwell and then told the teacher that she did it, and she was sent out in the hall. I rubbed the inked hair over my examination paper, as I did not know the answers, and blamed her for my trouble." (Oh, Mr. Withers, no wonder your conscience won't let you sleep!—F. O.) "This picture on Liberty brings back to me memories of my schooldays, and if you could find Annie Cook and she would drop me a line, I would be glad to apologize for my action in the schoolroom. CHARLES L. WITHERS, 10 Bremer Avenue, Danville, Illinois."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

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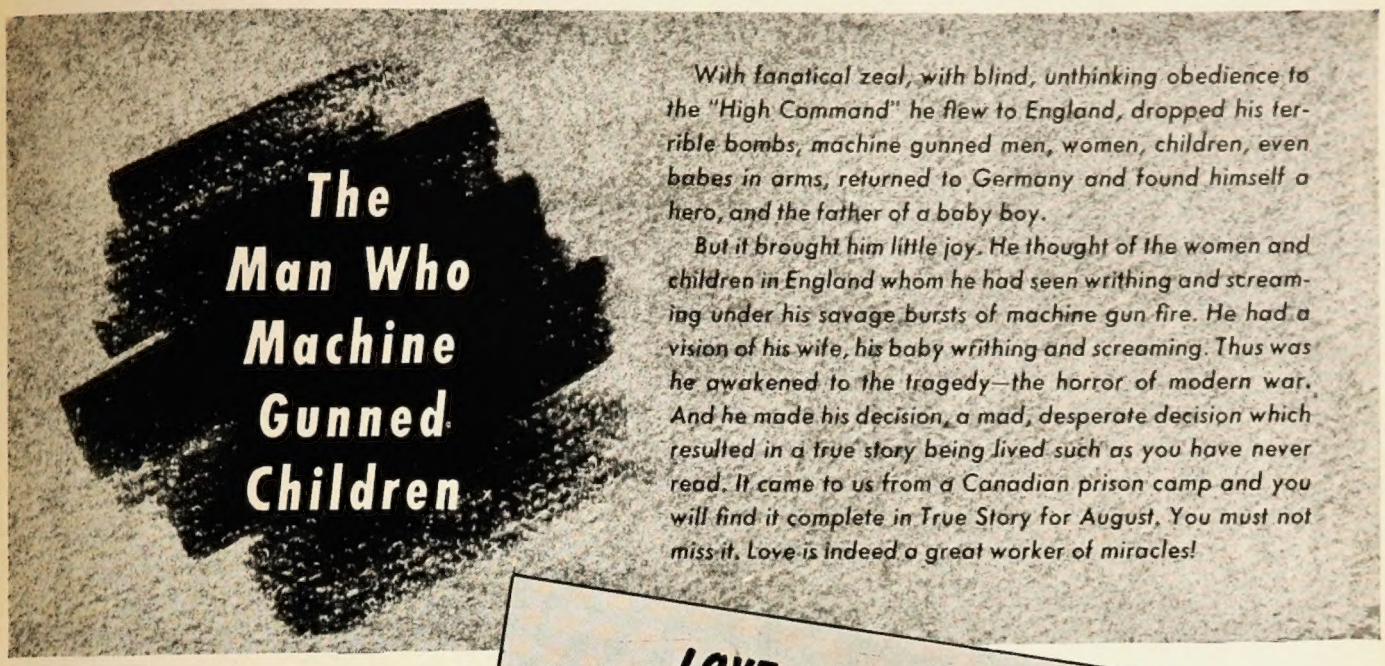
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY ARNOLD FREBERG

★ ★ ★ **LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE** ★ ★ ★

Love Is What You Make It!



With fanatical zeal, with blind, unthinking obedience to the "High Command" he flew to England, dropped his terrible bombs, machine gunned men, women, children, even babes in arms, returned to Germany and found himself a hero, and the father of a baby boy.

But it brought him little joy. He thought of the women and children in England whom he had seen writhing and screaming under his savage bursts of machine gun fire. He had a vision of his wife, his baby writhing and screaming. Thus was he awakened to the tragedy—the horror of modern war. And he made his decision, a mad, desperate decision which resulted in a true story being lived such as you have never read. It came to us from a Canadian prison camp and you will find it complete in True Story for August. You must not miss it. Love is indeed a great worker of miracles!

LOVE ASKS NO QUESTIONS

She was a young school teacher, sheltered, protected. Until she met Jason Humphrey she had never been in love. But he was different from any man she had ever known, dark, polished, sophisticated, wealthy—and very much in love with her. He stormed the portals of her heart and won it. Later she learned he was one of America's most famous professional gamblers, in the underworld if not of it. But he loved her and she loved him and that was all she asked. "Love Asks No Questions" is the book length story of her life with Jason Humphrey. It will hold you spellbound from opening to closing word. Read it today complete, in True Story for August.

Love is an amazing and sometimes terrible thing!

☆ *True Story has been made over, modernized, revitalized, streamlined. Note its gorgeous cover, beautiful new art technique, its refined type effects. One of the most attractive magazines you ever saw. Get your copy today.*

Benny Goodman's Favorite Love Story

There's one love story that Benny Goodman loves because he knows it's true and because he feels that he personally had much to do with making it come true.

It's about a boy and girl who met by chance at a jitterburg dance where he was playing—about a quick wooing, a knock-down and dragout fight which, instead of winning the lady's hand, turned her heart against him. There came another night, though—but read "Call For Liza" as told by Benny Goodman in True Story for August. Heart-warming, blood-quickening, you'll love every word of it.

Love is a beautiful and wonderful thing!

DO NOT MISS *"What Are Anne Lindbergh's Secret Thoughts?" Second of the "Mystery of Lindbergh and Anne" series which millions are reading breathlessly.*

Now On Sale

August **True Story**

YOUNG AMERICA in the air! Here at the Ryan School in San Diego—at twenty-seven other "West Points of the Air"—the Army training program is turning out young men who can outfly the Eagle they are pledged to defend. Americans all . . . they're the Army's Flying Cadets.

THE CAMPUS is an airdrome runway . . . classroom a 2-place trainer. And the "prof" is veteran test pilot Paul Wilcox *(center, above and at left)*, Ryan chief instructor. And when they've passed that final "washing machine ride," it's "Hi ya, buddy. Got a Camel?"

YES, the cigarette that rates in the Army is the flavorful brand that is extra mild with less nicotine in the smoke. Reports from Army Post Exchanges show Camels are preferred. The Army man's favorite . . . the Navy man's favorite . . . America's favorite cigarette—Camels.

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels gives you

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel," says Paul Wilcox, Civilian Director of Army Flight Training at Ryan School of Aeronautics, San Diego

GONE are the "Jennies" and the baling wire "crates" of 1918. *This* is 1941! Things have changed in this Army of ours, but not the Army man's preference for the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Today, as then, America's front-line cigarette is C-A-M-E-L!

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel" tells you of the flavor that never wears out its welcome—full, rich, cool, extra mild. Science tells of Camel's extra freedom from nicotine in the smoke *(see above, left)*. Join up with that ever-growing army of Camel smokers. Get Camels—and for that chap waiting to hear from you, get an extra carton.